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WEEK ENDING JULY 17, 1926

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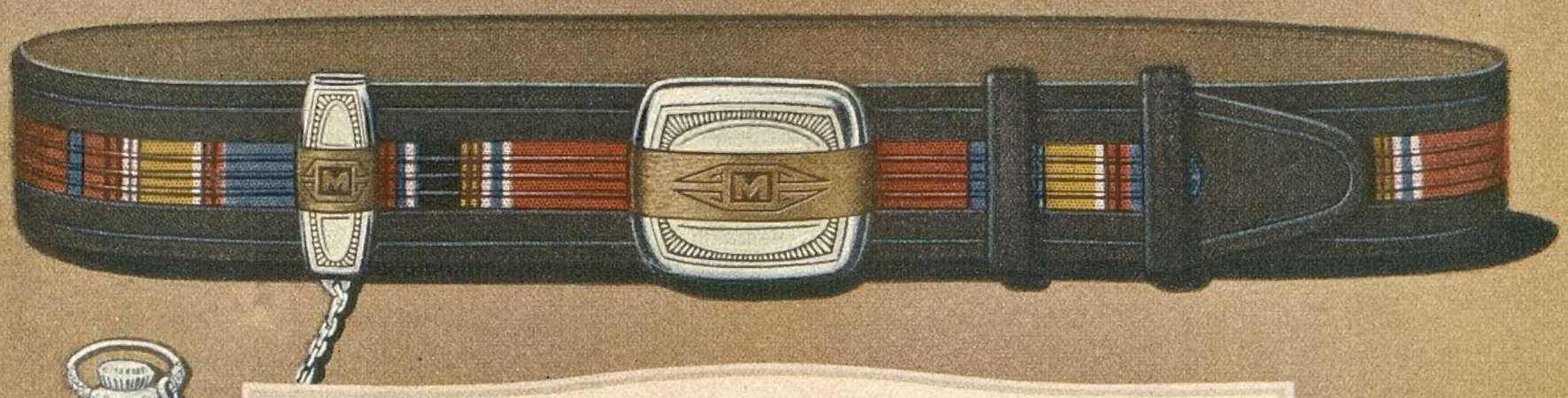
Liberty

A Weekly for the Whole Family

In this Issue

"WHAT I HAVE LEARNED *from the* STAGE" *by* JANE COWL



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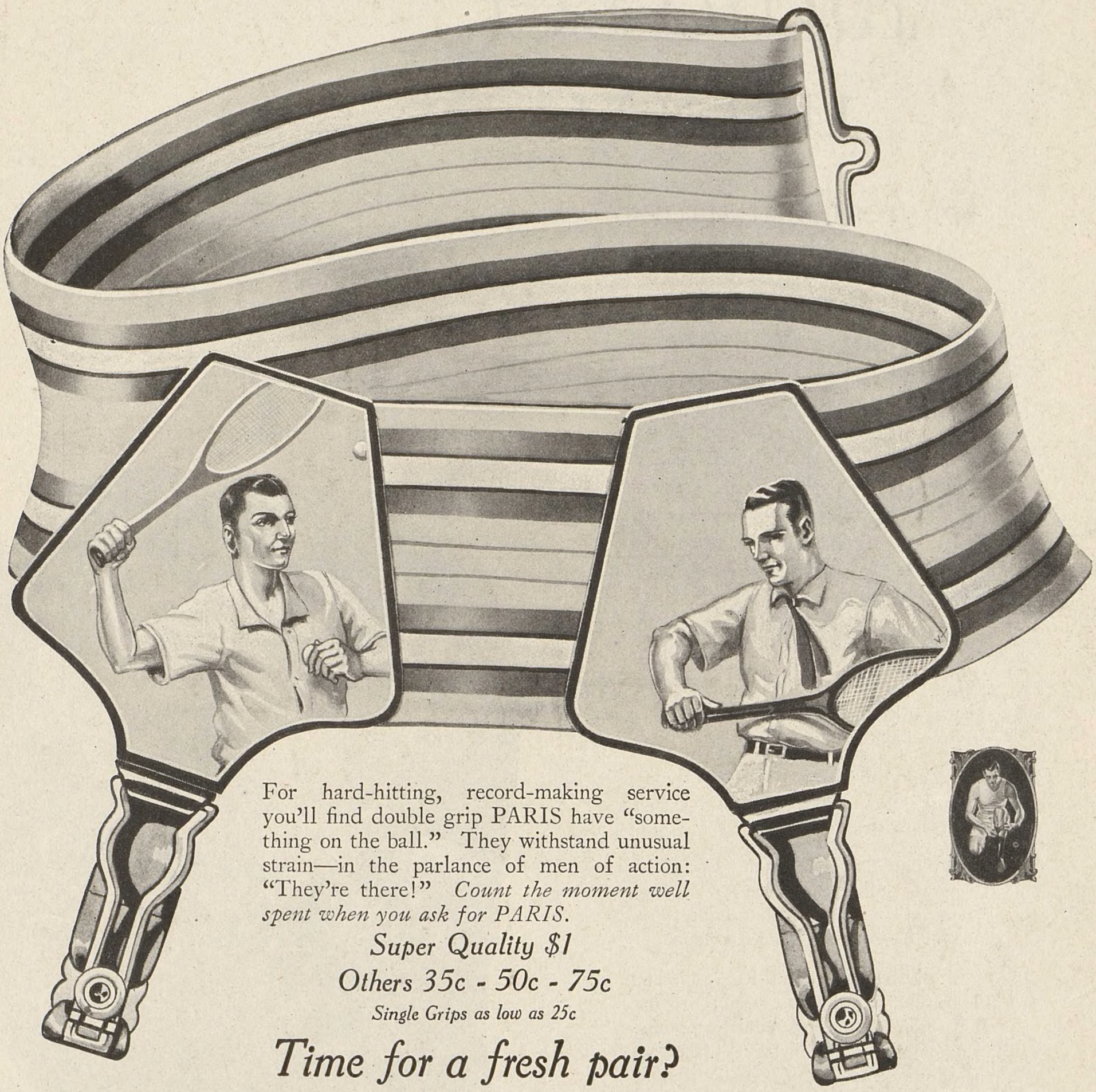

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JULY 17, 1926

Liberty

A Weekly for the Whole Family

VOL. 3 No. 11

EDITORIAL OFFICES:
New York: 247 Park Ave. Ashland 4160
Chicago: Tribune Square. Superior 0100

ADVERTISING OFFICES:
New York: 247 Park Ave. Ashland 4160
Chicago: Tribune Square. Superior 0100

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

THE INFERIORITY COMPLEX OF THE COLLEGE PROF—*An Editorial*

The Committee of the American Association of University Professors on Methods of Increasing the Intellectual Interests and Raising the Standards of Undergraduates has denounced football as productive of drunkenness, gambling, dishonesty, immorality, law defiance, and neglect of work. It demands immediate reform of the sport, limitation of the number of games, and the abolition of coaches and cheer leaders.

This group comprises a minority in every college. It represents neither the majority of the faculty nor the sentiment of the schools. Teaching philosophy, logic, and reason to young men, these professors resort to reasoning from isolated cases applied to general conditions. Without evidence they hurl charges that would justify libel suits if written by a sporting editor.

The outbreak is one of the annual manifestations of the inferiority complex among college professors. After each orgy of enthusiasm over intercollegiate football, this subconscious realization of inferiority eats deep into the vitals of professors until it reaches the inner fires and results in an eruption of denunciation.

The average member of the association is a placid, condescending, self-appointed intellectual, with one special brain lobe developed, who exhausts himself repeating old lectures two hours each day.

Of the dozen committeemen only two really know anything about football conditions. One of these is in Europe and the other has a fine sense of humor, which may have concealed itself if he signed the report.

Through double lenses the college prof sees fine, handsome, virile boys perform feats of strength, skill, and speed of hand, foot, and brain, giving their time and suffering breaks and bruises for the glory of Alma Mater while 70,000 spectators sing their praise. He goes to his classroom, repeats, perhaps for the hundredth time, a scholarly lecture and notes a bored, indifferent attitude among his hearers. He reads a column of publicity for the athlete and the most he gets is a line in the alumni weekly.

His inferiority complex is stirred. He resents the applause for the boy he considers a dullard. He suffers acutely because the coach, who perhaps never attended college, is paid $15,000, while he receives $2,400. The fact is that the coach works eighteen hours a day and is fired if he fails to make good, while the professor works two hours and no one knows whether he ever makes good or not.

He predicts failure for the football player who, after scraping through to graduation, gets a job, hustles aggressively, proves a good mixer, and makes more money the first year than the prof does in five.

When such a professor meets a group of his own kind, they invariably pass resolutions denouncing football. It is the same feeling that makes reformers. The miserably paid pastor of a small-town church, resenting the wealth, luxury, and the extravagant pleasure-seeking of the rich in large cities, demands that cities be reformed and forced to reduce themselves to village standards. This inferiority complex has helped make many of our dry leaders.

The pacifist is another manifestation of inferiority. The weakling, inclined to cowardice, the physically unfit and underdeveloped, seeing strong, virile men in uniform marching with martial tread under waving banners to the cheers of fair women, resents his own inferiority and, knowing he never can hope to equal the soldier, becomes a violent pacifist.

The problem is not the elimination or restriction of football, but how long it will be before red-blooded colleges demand the elimination or the restriction of those afflicted with this inferiority complex.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

Beg Pardon

IN the first and second installments of a story about the Whittemore gang of bandits, published in the issues of LIBERTY for May 29 and June 5, two disconnected references to the trial of Simon Gilden, one of the outlaws, were phrased in such a manner that an implied reflection upon the professional conduct of Attorney Harry W. Nice of Baltimore could be drawn from them. This error occurred through the excision of some of the author's original text. LIBERTY regrets the mishap and is glad to state in fairness to Mr. Nice that no such criticism of his conduct ever arose.

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

A Masterly Story by Rita Weiman

WE'VE all wondered how we would reshape our lives if the world thought us dead and we could make a fresh start. One fascinating aspect of just such a situation is revealed in THE BELOVED GHOST, by RITA WEIMAN. It's a tale of a woman who goes hunting for love—and discovers her husband.

WALTER HINTON, world-famous flyer and first air pilot to cross the Atlantic, tells breathless stories of adventures over land and sea in OUTGUESSING DEATH. If you think you're thrillproof—try this!

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Are you a slave to a whisk-broom?

MOST of us know that dandruff is unsightly—not all of us realize what a very unhealthy condition dandruff indicates. To merely brush, brush, brush, is a sign of defeat.

There is one way to really remove dandruff. The simple Wildroot treatment has been famous for years among well-groomed people who object to dandruff—and refuse to be slaves to a whisk-broom.

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WILDROOT HAIR TONIC *for dandruff*

Their Paris Divorce

By the Marquis H. de la Falaise

A resplendent, joyous person in a modish taffeta cape over her tight-fitting bathing-suit.

The Man Whose Wife Is Gloria Swanson Writes His First Short Story

Pictures by JOSEPH SIMONT

THERE are reasons why I should have a goatee. Chief among them is the fact that Americans writing about Frenchmen always assume that they—the Frenchmen—have goatees. If the writers don't, the illustrators do.

As I am writing this story for Americans, it is only polite of me, therefore, to assume a goatee. And, you will say, the role of adviser that I play in my story demands a goatee. But I have no goatee. Furthermore, I have no intention of growing one.

If my readers want to think of me with a goatee, they may. But I warn them that I am too unimportant to be fussed over and that the really important characters in my story are Jack Turner, my friend, and Alice Turner, his wife. The place was Paris, the capital of France and the beloved of all worldlings.

Jack Turner flew with me in the war. We became fast friends, keeping in touch, after he

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THEIR PARIS DIVORCE
Continued from Page Seven]

went back to America, by occasional letters of few words. Jack was a cryptic letter-writer.

For instance, when he inherited his uncle's importing business a year ago, he wrote:

> The business fascinates me. It's a big enterprise. Hope I make good. When are you coming over? Regards. JACK.

And when he decided to marry, some six months later, proposed, and was accepted, he wrote:

> Certainly believe marriages are made in heaven. Alice is marvelous. When are you coming over? Regards. JACK.

To this I replied with a congratulatory cable urging him to bring the bride to Paris for the honeymoon. For answer I received the following:

> Sorry, but business can't do without me. When are you coming over? Regards.
> JACK.

On the spur of the moment, I decided to visit Jack. That repetition of "When are you coming over?" must have been the cause.

Turner, I found on my arrival, was as handsome and engaging as ever, but I could see immediately that he was as addicted to his business as a six-day bicycle rider to his wheel.

"I'd like you to look over a Gobelin tapestry I just got in. It's the real thing," were his first words after the greetings.

"I'd rather look over the bride."

"Oh, of course," smiled Jack. "She's all excited about meeting you."

AS we motored to the Turner apartment on Park Avenue, I noticed that Jack had developed a nervous trick of snapping his fingers whenever he talked of his business. When I asked about mutual friends he shook his head.

"No, I don't see them; don't get the time for the social stuff, you know. Alice represents the family."

And Alice certainly did. She was lovely—as fair as Jack was dark and not quite as tall. She made me feel at home immediately.

"I've mapped out a wonderful program for you—dinners, dances, lunches, teas, theaters, opera, beautiful women, and jealous men," she laughed. "By the way, I hope you didn't bring your valet with you?"

"No; I thought I'd get one here for the length of my stay."

"Don't do that," Mrs. Turner begged. "Jack's man has been waiting for you as eagerly as we. Jack never needs him and the poor fellow has been languishing from uselessness."

Despite the banter, I sensed that the bride was not altogether happy.

It did not take me long to size up the situation, an average enough one among Americans, except that Jack was too young and Alice far too lovely.

During my three weeks' visit at the Turners', Jack rarely appeared for dinner. When he did show up later in the evening he was tired and absent-minded, retiring almost immediately.

I found myself escorting Alice to various dinner dances, to the theaters, and to some rather amusing cabarets. When it was impossible for me to accompany her, there would be one or two of her boy friends, as she called them, who seemed prepared to take her to the tip of the moon, if she indicated that as her evening's destination.

On my final night in New York the Turners gave a farewell dinner party for me. At the last moment Jack telephoned Alice to start without him.

"The accountants have just discovered some error and he has decided to go over the books with them," Alice said, as she hung up the receiver. She was on the verge of tears.

"He'll be along in an hour or so," I comforted.

"No, he won't." The look in her eyes led me to believe that Jack, in gaining a bigger business, might lose his gay goddess.

I said good-by to them both with a heavy heart. Three days out at sea I received two wireless messages. The first read:

> Jack impossible. Intend getting Paris divorce. Leaving tomorrow on Leviathan.
> ALICE TURNER.

The second:

> Alice will not understand importance of business. Have agreed Paris divorce.
> JACK.

That was at nine in the morning. At six, as I was dressing for dinner, a third wireless came:

> Alice and I leaving for Paris honeymoon on Berengaria next Tuesday. Regards.
> JACK.

"All's well that ends well," I murmured tritely. To celebrate I had two Martinis immediately.

On the first night of the Turners' arrival in Paris, I presented myself at their suite in the Crillon. Alice met me at the door. She was even lovelier than I had ever seen her in New York; as light-hearted and gay as a child.

"Hello!" Jack called out from the next room. "I'll be with you in a jiffy."

"Studs," gravely explained Alice. "It's good exercise for him." Suddenly, bending close to my ear: "Don't mention the divorce. Jack's reformed. He's promised not even to mention the word business."

"What are you whispering about?" Jack demanded as he entered.

"A new drink—" laughed Alice, going up to him as we shook hands.

"Bring it and I promise to drink it even if it contains curry sauce and watermelon," Jack said.

As we drove to the Cafe de Paris, where we were dining, Jack was as excited as a small boy.

"Paris," he cried suddenly, "I love you!"

Alice and I burst into laughter.

"I mean it," Jack protested. "I feel like a new man already."

We were very gay that night and far into the morning. Strangely enough, it was Alice who suggested that we leave. Jack was all for staying at the cabaret. But when Alice insisted on going, protesting she was tired, he rose. Bowing to an imaginary audience, he said:

"Friends, I am about to shed my New York business skin, and like the phoenix I shall rise from my ashes—a butterfly, a——"

That's as far as he got in the world's worst metaphor.

In the car he went to sleep on Alice's shoulder.

"You funny darling," she whispered and kissed him lightly on the forehead, nose, and chin. But the eyes she lifted to me were tired and listless.

"He came to my bed and threw down an armful of dolls and balloons."

"Jack hardly ever drank in New York," she remarked.

"You said he'd reformed," I reminded her lightly.

Alice smiled, but only with her lips. Her eyes were rather frightened.

It was unfortunate that I should have had to leave Paris at this juncture. When I returned about two weeks later, I immediately called up the Turners. No one answered for quite a while, and then I heard a tired, listless voice call out the usual "Hello?"

"I say, is this you, Alice?"

The voice hesitated and broke—"Is this you, Henri?"

"Yes, it's I. But you sound as if you were ill, Alice."

"I am—sick at heart."

"Where's Jack?"

"Jack's asleep."

"Asleep! It's nearly three!"

"He didn't get in until nine this morning."

"Did you just get up, too?" I laughed.

"Oh, no. I wasn't with him. Henri, I must see you. You must help me. Meet me at the Pre Catalan in half an hour."

It was a beautiful May day and the Bois de Boulogne looked and smelled its freshest as I drove up to the Pre Catalan. Yet a half hour later it seemed to me that the day was quite muggy and that the Bois was the most depressing place in the world.

Even in Paris, where strange things happen—and stranger things are said to happen—I never had been asked by a lovely young creature to help her obtain a divorce from a handsome husband with whom she was madly in love and who was also my best friend. Yet that is what came to pass when Alice arrived.

"BUT, my dear," I argued, "when I left, you were perfectly happy."

"I am now the unhappiest woman in Paris," Alice whispered wretchedly, lifting her blue eyes, gloriously sad and becomingly moist.

I murmured something about the tragedy of divorce. How about a reconciliation?

"But you don't understand," Alice interrupted desperately. "Jack is impossible. It's nothing but dancing and drinking with him, now. Every night it's been the same. Cocktails for tea; dinner and wine; after that, champagne and a cabaret. You won't know him, Henri. He's changed so. I couldn't keep it up. Same old hectic gayety every night. When I refused to go with him, night in, night out, he accused me of being slow and dull."

Alice slow and dull! That certainly was not the Alice I had known in New York.

It struck me then that the Turners must have reversed roles in the social scheme of things. And Paris, the heartless wench, was responsible.

"Have you pleaded with him?"

Alice nodded, a tide of tears dulling her eyes.

"It's all over. You must help me, Henri."

"But, Alice," I begged, "this is your honeymoon."

"Well, it's going to be my divorcemoon, Henri." She rose.

We said nothing to each other in that ride back to the hotel.

"Let me talk to Jack," I said, as we walked into the lobby.

"He won't be in. He's probably at the Ritz bar."

HE wasn't in. The porter told us he had left ten minutes before.

"Any message?" Alice inquired.

"None, Madame Turner."

Alice held out her hand to me.

I went right to the Ritz bar. As she had predicted, Jack was there—but what a different Jack! Flushed face, bloodshot eyes, wet hand. Boisterous, garrulous.

"Well, if it isn't Henri, old boy! My, I'm glad to see you again! When'd you get back?"

Jack's voice could be heard far above the din of the smoke-filled room. Before I could answer, he dragged me to the bar.

"Why, you look down in the mouth, old fellow! What you need is a cocktail. A cocktail with a cherry in it—to make you remember the lips of a woman are red and her kiss intoxicating."

Some of the men near us laughed.

"Pretty good lingo, eh?" grinned Jack to the bar in general and to the bartender in particular. "Fact is, I've already had a couple of Bacardis."

After my cocktail, I suggested that Alice, Jack, and I go away for the week-end to my country place. We could drive out tonight. I thought that was a masterly stroke, but Turner refused.

"Fact is, old boy"—he was looking down into his glass—"I don't think Alice would be crazy to go. She's got a flock of dressmakers to feed; fittings and all that sort of thing. Y'know, old sport, she's turned highbrow. Wants to see Notre Dame by moonlight! 'Alice,' I said, 'I'd rather see the Folies-Bergere by spotlight.' And then she had an idea I ought to go and see the old masters at the Louvre. But I put my foot down on that, too. Why should I go look at a lot of old masters in a stuffy room when I can see all the young mistresses tripping it in the sunset at the Cafe de la Paix?"

Shocked and grieved rather than disgusted, I decided to dine at home and read. Perhaps Cocteau or Anatole France might help me to assist the Turners. I confess I couldn't read.

At eleven the phone rang.

"This is Alice Turner. Will you take me to the Perroquet?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THEIR PARIS DIVORCE
Continued from Page Nine]

"When?" I was rather confused.

"Now. Call for me right away, please."

What else could I do but obey, since Alice commanded?

She was superbly dressed, but there were lines under her eyes. She had been crying. As the car shot forward, she touched my hand timidly.

"Henri, be patient with me. But I can't stand it any more. Help me get Jack out of that place."

"Are you sure he's there?"

"Oh, yes," she sighed.

He was there, very much there, as you Americans say; so drunk that he wanted to fight me. And when Alice came up he did not recognize her.

Paris, like Circe of old, by graciously deigning to kiss Jack Turner, had turned him into a beast.

I tried to reach Alice by telephone the next morning, but the answer came that she had checked out the night before. Monsieur Turner? He had not yet come in. In the afternoon, I tried to reach Jack, and this time was told that Monsieur Turner also had left.

I called up the Paris branch of the Turner firm, but the manager assured me he had no knowledge of the whereabouts of Mr. Turner. He was very sorry.

The mystery lasted a week. Then I received this letter from Alice:

> I want to thank you for your kindness to me. You will be as glad to know as I am glad to tell you that I have secured my divorce from Jack. I didn't come to you again because I could see how distasteful it was to you to help separate your best friend from his wife.
>
> The divorce was handled very discreetly. Not one of our friends knows about it and we have agreed not to write home about it. I leave today for Biarritz.

I picked up the phone and called the Crillon. Perhaps Jack was back there. But no. Monsieur Turner had left a week ago. I tried the Ritz. The Plaza Athenee. The Continental. No, Monsieur Turner was at none of these. If only I could find him, I felt sure that I could effect a reconciliation, despite the newly decreed divorce.

The following day I called at the Turner offices, but was told that Mr. Turner had left for parts unknown.

AS I turned down the Avenue de l'Opera, it occurred to me that it might be wise to find out if Alice desired a reconciliation. I felt that she could be persuaded. Her letter was not a joyous paean of deliverance. It was rather regretful, it seemed to me. I thought of writing her, but found that I couldn't. It was too difficult.

Late that night, I decided to leave for Biarritz. If Alice would say that she would take Jack back, I would return to Paris and start a continental search for him. I was certain he had not departed for New York.

Two days later I left for Biarritz. Alice probably would stay at the Carleton, I guessed; so, leaving my luggage for my hotel porter to collect, I struck out.

At the hotel I was told that Madame Turner had been there, but was now living in a little house not far away. I found her, almost as beautiful as ever, but as sad as her letter.

"Don't make me say 'yes' right away," she pleaded. "I might be sorry tomorrow. Do you know that on the night after we saw him at the Perroquet, he came to my bed and threw down an armful of dolls and balloons and paper hats? 'There,' he said, 'they sent them to you with love. With love from them to you.' And then he tried to kiss me."

Alice buried her beautiful face in her hands.

"Don't go, I'm not going to cry." She attempted to smile. "It was that night I decided to divorce him. And now—life is so empty! I moved here from the hotel because I wanted to be away from the lights and music and gayety."

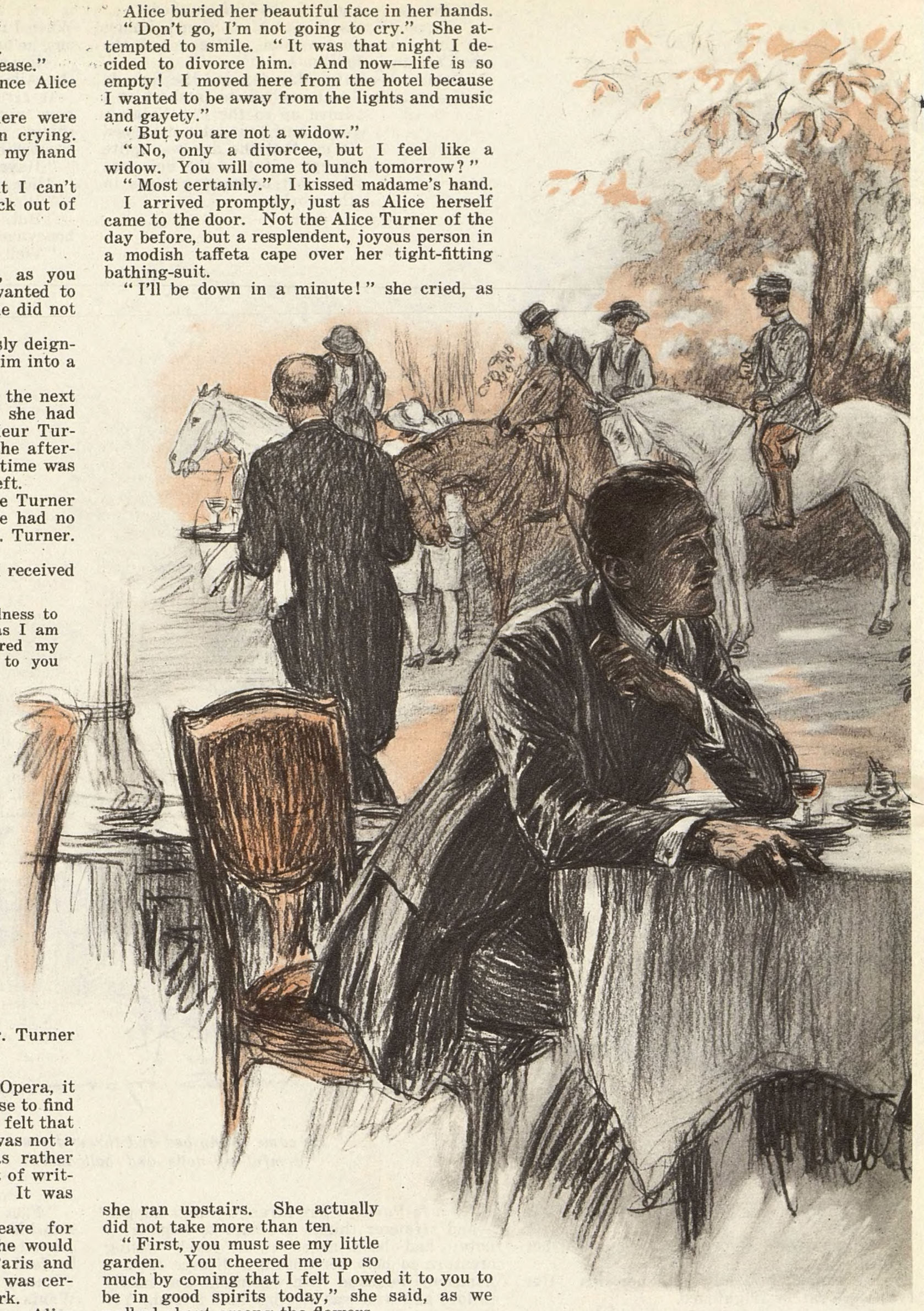
"But you are not a widow."

"No, only a divorcee, but I feel like a widow. You will come to lunch tomorrow?"

"Most certainly." I kissed madame's hand.

I arrived promptly, just as Alice herself came to the door. Not the Alice Turner of the day before, but a resplendent, joyous person in a modish taffeta cape over her tight-fitting bathing-suit.

"I'll be down in a minute!" she cried, as she ran upstairs. She actually did not take more than ten.



"First, you must see my little garden. You cheered me up so much by coming that I felt I owed it to you to be in good spirits today," she said, as we walked about among the flowers.

I waited. I knew the truth would follow. No woman is cheerful simply because someone expects her to be.

"Besides, I've decided—" Alice blushed very prettily. "Will you find Jack and bring him here? I'm sure he's still in Paris."

"Then I'll leave this evening," I agreed.

We were very happy as we went into the dining salon.

"To celebrate, we'll have champagne," my hostess announced.

"Not at lunch," I objected.

"At lunch." Alice was firm.

Just as the corks were drawn, a motor car slowed up in front of the house. The next moment a ring at the door and we heard Jack Turner's voice asking for a pail of water! His car was thirsty.

Alice turned deathly pale. I made as if to go to the hall, but she held up a restraining hand.

"Don't!" her mouth shaped. She pointed to the curtained window. I followed her horror-stricken look. Jack Turner's car, I was amazed to see, was filled with a half dozen young ladies of a questionable type and I regret to admit questionable beauty.

I knew then that all plans for a reconciliation were destroyed.

Back at my hotel, I found a telegram from

Alice nodded, a tide of tears dulling her eyes. "It's all over. You must help me, Henri."

Paris ordering me to sail for New York on the next steamer. My business contract, arranged for on my previous visit to New York, demanded my personal signature immediately.

I tried to reach Alice by telephone before I left for Paris, but there was no answer. Disheartened, I decided to write from the ship, when I could write at length and, most likely, rewrite with brevity.

I was fortunate enough to catch the Paris three days later, and, true to the promise to myself, I wrote her. The letter was stilted, I'm afraid—even poorly written—but it was the best I could do. I went up to hand it to the writing-room steward to mail for me.

On the stairs I met Alice Turner!

"Alice?"

"Henri? Why, I've just written a letter to you!"

"And I to you!"

"Jack is on board," the amazing woman announced.

"What! Jack here?"

"Yes, here."

Those glorious blue eyes began to fill with tears for a third time within my experience. "I'm afraid he's very ill. They brought him in on a stretcher."

"Did he see you, too?" I interrogated her.

"No, his eyes were shut. He looked as if he were in the most awful pain. What shall I do?"

"Whatever your heart dictates."

"But I've done that," murmured Alice Turner. "I wrote him a note and told him that I was on board; that if he needed me, I would come to him. But he hasn't answered me."

"Perhaps he's asleep," I hazarded. Alice looked so desolate. "And I think you'd better get a little rest."

"I look very bad, don't I?" As the lovely little lady evidently expected me to say that she did look very, very bad, I said so. But she really didn't, despite all she had gone through.

"Very well, then, I'll go to bed," she agreed. "Do you think he'll call me tomorrow?"

I replied I was most certain he would.

I waited in my cabin for half an hour before daring to emerge again. At the purser's, I learned that Jack Turner's cabin was B 47. And there I went.

"It's about time you came, steward. What's the matter with this ship? Come on in! What are you waiting for?"

Shocked at this reception, I hadn't dared open the door.

"Well—what the—where in the—of all the —I say, where'd you drop from?"

Jack Turner made as if to rise, but fell back on his pillow. "I'm darn glad to see you. If ever a fellow needed a friend, I do. God put you on this ship."

I wasn't so sure about that, but I held my peace.

"Henri, Alice is on this ship," Jack announced. "I'm in a devil of a mess. It's all my fault, I suppose, but—go and see Alice for me, Henri."

"I have."

"You have? Is she well? Is she—is she all right?"

"She's as well as can be expected," I replied stiffly.

"Don't rub it in," groaned Jack. "I've been an ass. Damn Paris! Henri, don't sit there like a loon. Say something. Don't you realize what I'm up against? She thinks I'm on the point of death and all I've got is the gout."

I couldn't help laughing.

"You can't disappoint her."

"Oh, don't get humorous now; help me," begged Jack.

I could see that the prodigal was really in agony.

"Do you love Alice?"

A long pause before he answered:

"Henri, aren't you an idiot to ask me that?"

Jack was once more his old cryptic self.

Whereupon I took my leave.

THEY were married by the captain two days later and I was best man.

When we docked at New York, the Turners were met by a host of friends and in-laws.

"Oh, we've had a simply marvelous time!" Alice cried to one and all. "Isn't Paris wonderful, Jack?" Without waiting for him to corroborate, "You can get almost anything there. Can't you, Jack?"

Women can look so sweet even when they say the most malicious things.

"Almost anything, dearest," rallied Jack obligingly. "In fact, I should say everything."

The two looked at each other lovingly, their eyes filled with merriment and understanding.

And now, dear reader, you will insist louder than ever that I grow I goatee.

But I won't.

THE END

A once stately house in smoking ruins at the top of a cliff on the Maine coast; its master's fate a mystery, its absent mistress' arrival curiously awaited by a speculating village. In that setting is enacted the beginning of a human drama which comes to a heart-searching climax long after, far away from New England. What the village never knew about shy, simple Monroe Anderton, commander of the great Anderton fortune, and his beautiful, distant, society-loving wife is the story of "The Beloved Ghost" in next week's issue of LIBERTY.

Rita Weiman is the author. With supreme skill she has woven into her absorbing narrative a fine interpretation of the emotions and motives at war within us all.

What I Have Learned From the Stage

The Tragedy of Woman Is Man's Failure to Live Up to Her Ideal

Says This Article

By JANE COWL

WOMAN is civil war incarnate.

The very freedom which, in this twentieth century, has come to her, serves to emphasize her own discordant nature, to deepen the shadows of her tragic existence.

That is what I see as I view the pageant of feminine life, day in, day out, from month to month, and from year to year. Simple emotions no longer exist. It is all complex, confusing, disturbing. The result is a chaos of feminine idealism, tainted and stained—feminine striving after a harmony of living that is unattainable while men are men and women women.

The two sexes speak a different language of the emotions. And this they surely do today as they have done since the beginning.

I doubt if women or men, in the mass, are any better or any worse today than they were, say, a generation or two ago. But they are different.

Especially are women different. Not so many years past, the grooves in which they moved were definitely defined. The first lispings of earliest girlhood presaged the direction life would take. To be a wife and mother—that was the goal.

The little girl's earliest ambition was to have a "dolly" of her own. Failing anything better, a scrap of rolled cloth served to satisfy the craving of the maternal instinct. She held it in her arms, fondled it. It was her baby, to be cuddled and scolded, loved and worshiped.

But the age at which these bright colors become blurred—smeared, if you will—with grosser tints, is being steadily pushed forward. Mothers tell me—they are the ones who ought to know—that daughters of fifteen know more about life today than their mothers knew even after they were married.

I have no reason to disbelieve that statement. Nor do I profess to pass final judgment as to whether the young woman of today is better or worse as a result of this early acquired knowledge of the so-called mystery of sex. I am only sure that in the past ignorance worked inevitable disaster.

The pendulum has swung too far, perhaps. But is it too much to hope that out of knowledge may come understanding? If women come to see and to know—and above all to believe in—the fundamental difference in the sexes, they may develop a new philosophy of life. They may find a way out.

The tragedy of woman? It is a tragedy of disillusionment. It is the outcome of a nature at war with forces over which there is no control. Woman is by nature and predilection an idealist. Unlike man, at once her ally and her enemy, she is essentially a creature of mental rather than of physical reactions.

Emotionally she is, often, of finer fiber than man—I use the word in the sense of the adult male; she is more swayed by spiritual forces.

And there the difference lies.

So it has come about that greater freedom for woman has meant merely a greater struggle within herself. In spite of the withdrawal of many restrictions that the conventions once imposed, she has gained little in peace of mind. Her own idealism continues to harass her, if she seeks to conduct her life according to a newer point of view.

Man is the hunter; woman the quarry. Once a woman has given all, she longs to go on giving. Once a man has taken all, the quest loses savor. Woman pours out her love from a never-emptying chalice. Man dashes the cup to the ground once he has drained it.

The adolescent Juliet dead on the bosom of her lover, is not the real tragic figure. It is a Juliet of real life, wedded in holy church, but weeping later over the shattered idol she has worshiped. The real Romeo and Juliet, after the springtime of juvenile adoration,

Decorations by CLARA ELSENE PECK

JANE COWL

attain maturity's full-blown love. They are married.

But do they live happily ever after? Too often Juliet has invested her Romeo with a halo of sanctity. Sooner or later she becomes conscious of her self-deception. And the shadows deepen. Even Romeo, that pattern for true lovers, has been pictured by Shakespeare as "off with the old, on with the new." One glance into Juliet's eyes, and the once-adored Rosaline was forgotten.

After Juliet has palled, what then? Another Rosaline?

Mothers, themselves disillusioned, do not want to confess their failures to their children. From novels and plays the growing girl gets some sense of the seamy side of life. But it seems remote—out of range of probable experience.

WOMEN crave the ideal in seeking a mate. But to a woman in love the roseate halo, which she herself placed about the head of the adored one, may make the most commonplace man seem a very Parsifal before marriage. And even with a quickening sense of the mistake she has made, the woman seeks to justify her own belief in her ideal.

That, in reality, is at the bottom of most of the nagging in marriage. The woman hopes that somewhere in the man are those glowing qualities she believes exist, though they may be latent.

With repeated failure to arouse them, she grows restless, impatient; is discouraged—not with mankind, but with her man. She is still seeking; she still believes. For a time she may be able to see in some other man the qualities she desires. But once she has entered into a new relationship, how often does her disillusion repeat itself!

The sort of hero worship one sees at the crowded matinees of favorite artists—actors, violinists, pianists—is to be explained, not only by love of the arts, but often by the fact that women who flock to these performances are hungry for romance.

The successful women of the theater are pursued by an adoration, at times, that is really not so much love of them and of their accomplishments as it is the expression of the feminine desire for something beautiful to worship.

Men are victims of this misplaced idealism. It does not make the problem of life less difficult for them. For, try as they may, many men are incapable of realizing even a small share of the qualities that the women who love them are seeking to find. Man is straining against an overpowering inheritance—seeking, zealously and sincerely, to be bigger, better, stronger. The problem of life is his as well as woman's.

It does not seem to me that relief is to be found in greater freedom for woman, or in the assertion of their "rights," or in the obliteration of so-called double standards. Since the war, woman's freedom—the right to do as she pleases—is more or less an accepted fact.

Has it brought her happiness? Is life any better for her? Are unhappy marriages fewer? Do the divorce mills grind more slowly? I think not.

The moment woman began to adopt man's standard of conduct, she was unconsciously giving comfort to the enemy, for he was able to argue that woman's own course showed clearly that necessity was at the bottom of his shortcomings.

I believe that woman must realize that man, no less than woman, has an ideal to live up to. Her complacent acceptance of his faults as merely natural to the male, and therefore to be overlooked or condoned, is a crime against him as well as herself.

She has been too willing to believe that her gropings for the unattainable are blocked by a wall through which, beat her head as she may, she cannot pass. But that wall may yet be tumbled down. If not, then God help the woman of the future, with her newer liberties and her newer activities!

THE END

Matt Henson, FIRST To Reach the Pole

Secrets Buried for Seventeen Years Are Bared at Last by Peary's Negro Lieutenant

An Article by

LIN BONNER

Matthew A. Henson, immediately after the sledge journey to the Pole and back.

Camp Morris K. Jesup at the North Pole. From Henson's own photograph, drawn by Gordon Grant.

BYRD and Amundsen, flying to the North Pole, inevitably recalled its discovery April 6, 1909, by Peary.

Few people realize that Matt Henson, Peary's Negro lieutenant, was actually the first man to reach the Pole. Henson, the trail-breaker during the last lap of the expedition, was there forty-five minutes ahead of Peary.

Henson went to the Pole with Peary, not through Peary's favoritism, but because frozen feet forced all the others to turn back. Peary himself could not walk, but had to be hauled on a sledge. The descendant of a race bred under the Equator stood at the Pole physically supreme, having had to thaw out with the warmth of his own body the feet and hands of the Eskimos who were with the party.

Peary died in 1920, but Henson still lives, strong and vigorous, within a few weeks of his sixtieth birthday. He is a messenger in the Correspondence Division, Collector of Customs, at New York. He supplements a meager salary with lectures on his work in the Arctic. Henson and his wife occupy a pleasant apartment in the Bronx, New York. They have no children.

Henson, who has a slight trace of white blood in his veins, is five feet seven inches tall and weighs about 150 pounds. His back and shoulders, even today, suggest the lithe strength of a panther.

Here is Henson's own story of the Pole's discovery, with some hitherto unpublished sidelights on eighteen years of work with Peary in the Far North:

"The Commander, because his toes had been frozen off about ten years before, rode a sledge on all the levels up to and down from

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN]

Delicious vegetables in every spoonful!

VEGETABLE SOUP!

The tempting blend of thirty-two ingredients!

Fifteen different vegetables of such splendid quality that you would recognize them at once as the best that money can buy.

Broth of choice beef, so necessary to a full-flavored and invigorating vegetable soup.

Alphabet macaroni and selected barley. Fresh herbs and appetizing seasoning.

In the famous Campbell's kitchens these are prepared by skilled French chefs and blended in great tureens of pure nickel to yield their finest flavor.

So good to eat that everybody likes to see this soup placed on the table! A great favorite with the children.

32 ingredients
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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

the Pole. He never could handle dogs and had given up sledge driving long prior to our final trip.

"We started from the Roosevelt at Cape Sheridan in six parties after having put in the winter months preparing and caching food along the trail. Captain Bob Bartlett was in the lead as trail blazer. He didn't drive a sledge, because he had to be out in front scouting the way. Dr. Goodsell followed him, then MacMillan and myself; Borup, Marvin and, last, the Commander.

"MacMillan and I left the ship on February 18, but we parted the next day at Parter Bay, because I was delayed in soldering some leaky alcohol tins that had been cached there a week before by George Borup. That, by the way, was one of the meanest jobs I had on the way to the Pole. I didn't know whether I was going to be blown up or burned up, because I was working in the dark, using a kerosene lamp, and my kerosene, which was ice, had to be chopped off and melted before I could use it for fuel.

"We traveled in relay supports, Peary's plan being that each party—leader, Eskimos, and dogs—was to have five days' rest after reaching a given point. That is, when a party got to a selected spot on the trail, it would halt, build igloos, and let the other fellows go by them.

"But the plan didn't work out that way, because the feet of the fellows commenced to freeze and they would have to go back. That meant the nearest man in front would have to take over the sick man's load and sledge.

"THE first man to get his feet frozen was good old Dr. Goodsell, the biggest man in the party. Funny thing, average size men seem to do better up there than the big fellows. The Commander was a tall man, but he was spare. All the rest of us were just medium.

"After Dr. Goodsell was forced back, poor Marvin, who later drowned, had his feet frozen, then Borup, MacMillan, and, finally, Captain Bob. I almost cried when Bob got it, because I know he had his heart set on being with the Commander at the finish, and I think Peary wanted it that way.

"When I caught up with Bob on the trail we talked about that and wondered who the boss would take with him on the last jump. Bob didn't know and I didn't. Then Bob's feet froze and I was the last man left. The boss came up and we went to the top together. I was in the lead with my Eskimos and I overran the Pole by about a mile and a half. The Chief came in about forty-five minutes behind me and he found the Pole. And, boy, don't let anybody tell you different—*Peary found the Pole!*

"We stayed there thirty-seven hours. Peary took observations at four different spots in the area, but he never found ideal 90 degrees. The best he got, if my memory is good, was 89 degrees, 57 or 59 minutes."

Contrary to popular impression, Matt says the stars and stripes were not staffed and left flying in the breeze by Peary. The "planting" of the flag he describes thus:

"On all our trips to the North Peary carried one flag, about a yard long. Whenever he reached what he considered an important point he cut off a square section, put it in a metal container with his reports and records, and left the whole works in what we call a 'cairn.'

"When we got back home he would have a new section sewed into the flag. Three pieces had been cut out of the flag in Greenland before we got to the Pole, and when we did get there, the boss first planted it in the ice, then cut out a square about as big as a large napkin, wrote his report of the discovery, and rolled it all up and put it in the tin container. This was like a vacuum bottle—had a big cork and a screw top. We stuck it in the ice and came away.

"When we got to the Pole, we gave a cheer and shook hands, but we were so tired it was not long before we turned in and slept. In fact, the first thing I did when I stopped was to sit down to wait for the Commander, so I guess I was the first man to sit on top of the world.

"After we woke up, there wasn't any conversation except orders from Peary to fix up a light sledge he went on to take observations at different points. We were five sledges at the Pole—Peary's, driven by an Eskimo boy, three others driven by Eskimos, and mine.

"There is no land at the North Pole, I don't care what anybody says or thinks. It is all a field of ice with hummocks and pressure ridges as far as you can see, and on the way there we had to cut trails over pressure ridges forty or fifty feet high. It was over the level sea ice that the Eskimo boys and I rode Peary when we were within a few miles of the Pole. He had to hobble over the high pressure ridges.

"Getting back to land and the ship was almost as hard as getting to the Pole, although we traveled faster. We had to, because the season was so far advanced that the westerly winds had set in and tides had formed a strong current which increased the movement of the sea ice. This meant 'leads' of open water, several of which had held us up on our way north.

"Between us and solid land (Cape Columbia) lay 413 miles of sea ice and water. We started away from the Pole the evening of April 7 and made a forced march until the next evening. On the way up we had traveled at the rate of eighteen hours a day, except the last march, when we kept going for twenty-one.

"We stopped that night in an igloo we had built on the up trip. These igloos were the snow houses we had learned to build from the Eskimos years before—cone-shaped structures made by placing slabs of packed snow on top of each other with an opening at one side and a window with a piece of clear ice in it at the other. They can be built in an hour. Unless there was a winter gale blowing we were plenty warm, because we slept with our fur clothes on, just pulling our arms up through the sleeves of our outer jackets and putting them under our armpits to get the body warmth.

"Keeping your hands and feet warm is the most important job up there. Your outfit consists of a hooded outer fur jacket, a birdskin shirt made of about 300 skins of little auks or Arctic robins, bearskin pants—plus fours—fur gloves, and kamiks, a combination shoe and boot made of deer hide. I never had much trouble with cold feet, but sometimes my Eskimo boys would and I learned a way of thawing them. I'd take off one shoe at a time and place a chilled foot up under my birdskin shirt against my bare belly and keep it there till it was warm. Frozen hands I'd stick under my armpits to thaw, but there was not much danger of frozen hands unless you had to take off your gloves to handle tools or repair a sledge. Our faces always froze and peeled, because they were exposed.

"I mention these things here because I several times had to thaw out my boys, or Peary's on the way to and from the Pole.

"ON the second day of our return trip we set off in a gale, with blinding snow drifting directly in our faces. We were almost blinded, but didn't dare stop, except at the end of a day when we reached an igloo. The gale subsided after two days, but the next day we ran into open water. There was no way to get across except to ferry on a 'rafter,' or floating berg. We finally discovered a piece of 'young' ice which we cut off and used as a raft to ferry men, dogs, and sledges across. One man, his dogs and sledge went over at a time.

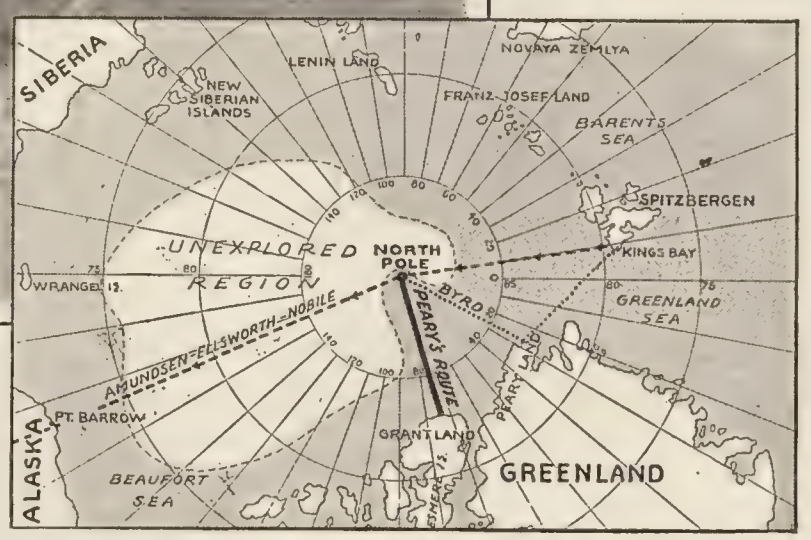
"The next day one of the teams went through the ice, but Sigloo, the driver, held the sledge and, with another boy, rescued the dogs. Farther along the trail, they had to pull me out. They had to do the same thing for Peary on the way up.

"On the 14th we stopped only twenty-five minutes to eat, but on the 15th we had to halt, because the ice was breaking up and moving east. Our trail was wiped out, but the Commander headed west and we ran smack into high pressure ridges, which meant pick-axing a trail and lifting the sledges over to help the dogs. But the next day we picked up our old trail. We were allowed only a short sleep, because the Commander said we were in real danger and must hurry.

"On April 18th we came to a wide 'lead' of open water and cut off a block of ice to fit it. We guided it into place and a man on either side held this floating 'bridge' steady until the whole party was across. We traveled all that day and on the next I climbed a pressure ridge and sighted Cape Columbia, our immediate goal. On the 20th we jumped away to an early start, only to run into many high ridges, over which we had to chop our way, and a number of small 'leads' that had to be overcome. On the 21st a heavy fog settled down and we staggered through it that entire day.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE NINETEEN]

Peary returning from the Pole. Taken 300 miles from the top of the earth.



(Right) Routes taken by Peary, Byrd, and Amundsen.

The Simple Way *to* Better Health

Freedom from constipation, skin and stomach troubles—abounding vitality again—with the aid of one fresh food

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, nibbled from the cake. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime.* Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. G-32, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

"I SUFFERED SERIOUSLY FROM chronic constipation. This condition brought about heartburn and a sallow skin blotched with pimples and boils, not to mention fatigue and headaches. On the advice of a specialist I began to take two yeast cakes every day. The result: Within five weeks my stomach was restored to normal working order. Today my body is strong, vigorous, and healthful."

R. W. Helser, Philadelphia, Pa.

"I HAVE SERVED in the Police Department of St. Louis for many years. A few years ago I found myself in poor health. My stomach especially was affected. Indigestion threatened to become chronic. On the advice of a friend I began taking Fleischmann's Yeast. After a few weeks my indigestion was much less acute. After a few months it had disappeared entirely. I can truthfully say that I am now in perfect health."

Arthur L. McGuire, Capt. Cmdg. 2nd Police District, St. Louis, Mo.

"I WAS ON THE VERGE of a nervous breakdown. My face was all broken out and my stomach was sensitive to most everything I ate. I gave Fleischmann's Yeast a trial. I ate Yeast every day for two months and at the end of that time the breaking out on my face disappeared, and my nerves were much improved. What has helped one can help others.'

Mrs. Marie Gleason, Los Angeles, Cal.

LEFT

"A YEAR AGO I was anaemic, could not sleep and was losing weight. I tried in vain one remedy after another. Meantime the wedding day of a friend of mine drew near. I had promised to be one of her bridesmaids. How could I bring myself to go through what I had come to regard as an ordeal—I, with my dragging step and tired face? Then someone suggested that I try Fleischmann's Yeast. I did so, and grew better so quickly that I kept on with it. My color came back and my nerves became more steady. My friend's wedding went off beautifully, and not one of the five other bridesmaids dreamed that a sixth among them had ever had any qualms."

Stephana Lee, Chicago, Ill.

THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation. Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, nibbled from the cake. Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

"Next morning, though, we drove into Cape Columbia, six elated but completely exhausted men. There were still dangers ahead, but we had beaten the treacherous Polar Pack. We ate plenty and fed the dogs plenty from the big cache we had left at the Cape, then all hands went to sleep. We did not wake until the next day. Then we ate a lot more and slept a lot more. April 24th was spent in preparations for the trip to the Roosevelt and the next morning the Commander, with one boy and a sledge drawn by eight of the best dogs, got under way. I followed with the other three boys about four hours later. He must have traveled fast, because he beat us to the ship by seven hours."

Thus the story of the conquering of the North Pole by Peary on his fourth heart-breaking attempt. But while the explorers underwent many hardships, they did not suffer the privations of hunger as on some of the prior journeys to the North.

THE tortures the men of the many Peary trains endured probably never will be fully known, because they are not a gabby lot and when they do talk it is mostly about the heroism of some other fellow, rarely themselves. But never a trip was made that death didn't ride hard on the outfit.

Accidentally I learned first-hand from Henson how he had saved Peary's life during the winter of 1899, at Fort Conger, when they reached Greeley's abandoned headquarters, where only seven of twenty-five men had come out alive sixteen years before. It was when he was discussing cold feet and I asked him to tell me how his commander happened to have his feet frozen.

"Well," he began, "you know Peary was a very proud man, quiet and stern. He never asked any man to do anything he wouldn't do himself, but he was strict. He would ask for something to be done and ask how long it would take to do it. Once you set a time the job had better be done in that time or there'd be trouble, so I learned early in my experience to give myself plenty of leeway. I did it with the 'Peary sledge' even.

"We were lying up in East River and he came and handed me a set of plans for a sledge and told me to build it. I made it just as his plans ordered, because if it was a sixteenth of an inch out he'd raise Cain. When we had it finished, he examined it and asked me how I liked it. I told him I didn't think much of it.

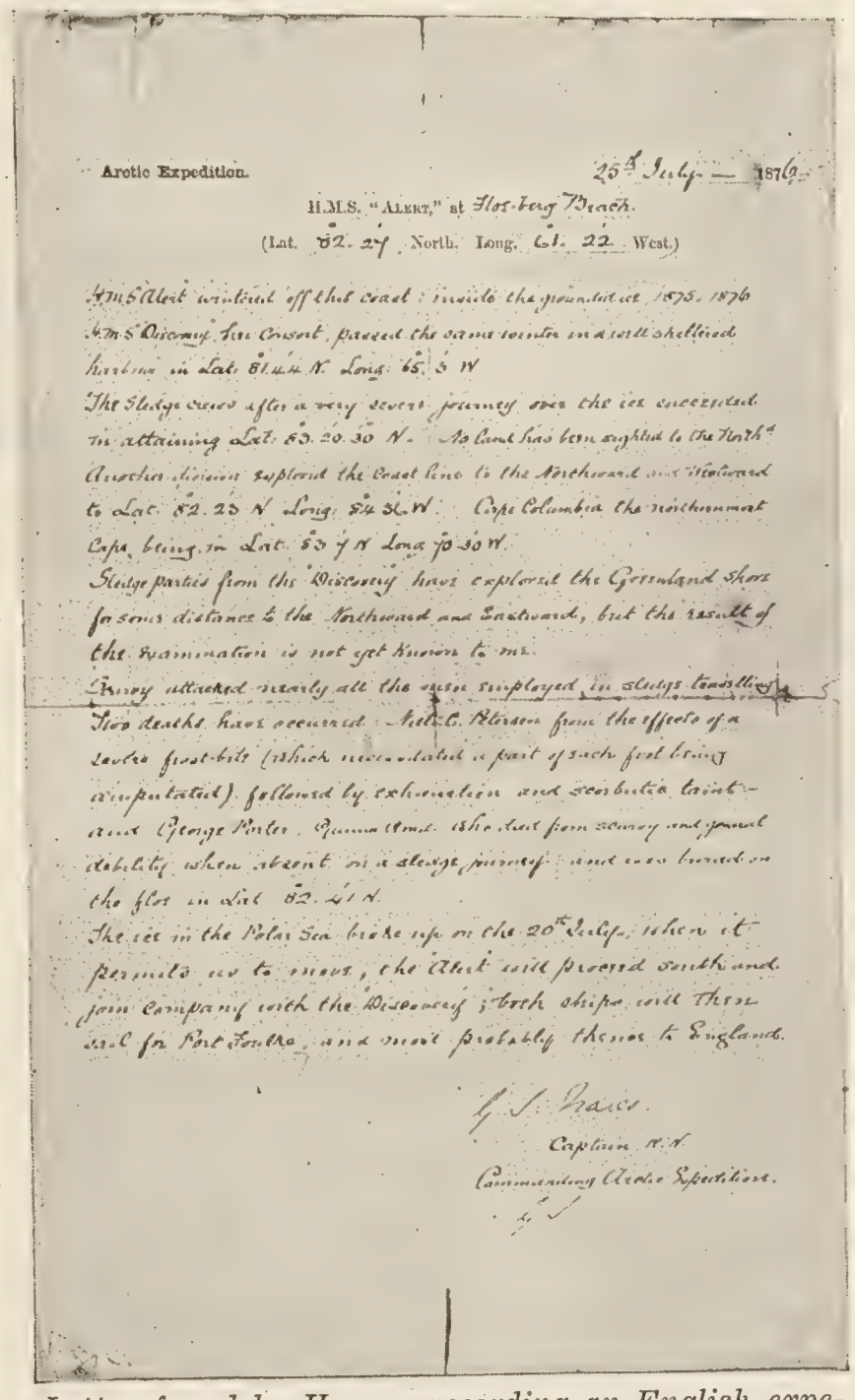
"'Well,' he said, 'if you think you can make a better sledge, go ahead and do it.'

"So I went ahead and built a sledge with rocking-chair runners that had a steel strip an eighth of an inch thick on it and put it alongside of his on the deck. He came up and looked it over, then maneuvered the two. He had to use two hands to turn his, only one to turn mine. He adopted my sledge for our trips to the Polar Pack.

"But it was his pride, I think, that caused him to lose his toes through freezing. We had gone up in the Windward to Greenland in 1898 on a trip that was to keep us up there four years. In January, 1899, he decided to go up to Fort Conger to hunt for the Greeley headquarters. We were wintering at Cape Dervel, 250 miles away, but had gone to Cape De Force, about 200 miles north. He asked how long it would take and I said about six days, but he contended it would only take three, and so we started out with our usual rations—pemmican, tea, biscuits, and condensed milk—enough to last three days.

"We had only gone ten miles when we were stopped by a storm and had to make camp. We were held there four days. We started again and were held up four days more at Cape Lieber, then we lost two days at Lady Franklin Bay and on the eleventh day arrived at Conger. It was pitch dark when we got there and we were stumbling around on the ice when I found myself in an even darker place, if that could be possible. Then I felt wood and knew we were in the corridor surrounding the Greeley headquarters. The Eskimo boys and the Commander came up while I was still feeling my way around trying to find the entrance to the living quarters. I soon found it and we entered.

"Greeley, in his book, had described so accurately where everything had been left that we were able to find candles and matches just where he said they should be. We lighted candles and looked around and in the living quarters found a table fully set, a coffee pot containing frozen coffee at one end, a teapot containing tea at the other. In the center was a heap of biscuits which had been dumped



Arctic Expedition. 25th July — 1876

H.M.S. "Alert," at Floe-berg Beach.

(Lat. 82. 27 North. Long. 61. 22 West.)

H.M.S Alert wintered off this coast: during the winters 1875-1876
H.M.S Discovery her Consort passed the same winter in a well sheltered
harbour in Lat 81.44 N. Long 65. 5 W
The Sledge crews after a very severe journey over the ice succeeded
in attaining Lat 83.20.30 N. No land has been sighted to the North
Another division explored the Coast line to the Northward and Westward
to Lat 82.20 N Long 84 30 W. Cape Columbia the northernmost
Cape being in Lat 83 7 N Long 70 30 W.
Sledge parties from the Discovery have explored the Greenland Shore
for some distance to the Northward and Eastward, but the result of
the examination is not yet known to me.
Scurvy attacked nearly all the men employed in sledge travelling
Two deaths have occurred Matt. C. Henson from the effects of a
severe frost-bite (which necessitated a part of each foot being
amputated) followed by exhaustion and scorbutic taint—
and George Porter Gunner R.M. who died from scurvy and general
debility when absent on a sledge journey and was buried on
the floe in Lat 82. 41 N.
The ice in the Polar Sea broke up on the 20th July, when it
permits me to move, the Alert will proceed south and
join company with the Discovery; both ships will then
sail for Port Foulke, and most probably thence to England.

H. S. Nares
Captain R.N.
Commanding Arctic Expedition.

Letter found by Henson recording an English expedition to the Arctic fifty years ago.

out of a tin, and we fell upon them. They were just as fresh as they had been when the Greeley party departed sixteen years before.

"We had practically starved for ten days, the only food we had had being the raw flesh of two dogs we had killed along the trail.

"There was a range there and out in the corridor I found a lot of salt-pork barrels—some full of meat, others empty. I found an ax and broke up a barrel for firewood. Soon we had a roaring fire and tea brewing. On the salt pork and other provender we made a feast.

"While I was cooking I noticed Peary warming his feet at the stove and kicking them together. I asked if they were frozen and he said they felt numb. So I got him to go into a sleeping-room and lie down while I cut off his kamiks (shoes) and went to work massaging them. Then I bound them up with material from the medical chest which Greeley had left behind. I tried to get him to sleep, but the pain was so great he couldn't, although he didn't say so.

"Greeley had mentioned a keg of Bedford rum, but the Eskimos and I had a long hunt before we found it. It was frozen. I knocked a hole in the keg, dug some out and heated it. I gave the Commander about a half pint in a tin cup and he swallowed it down. Soon he was asleep. I took a big drink and so did the boys and soon we all were asleep.

"Eighteen hours later I looked at Peary's feet and the toes were black. I knew they were dead. We had arrived at the Greeley headquarters on January 11 and it was March 5 before the sun came out so we could travel. In the meantime, under the Commander's orders, I located certain records and trophies of Greeley which Peary later took back to him, also the cairn built by Captain Nares, head of the British Alert expedition which had reached a little north of the Greeley expedition in 1876, five years before Greeley went North.

"I have kept the original copy of the Nares record, which will be fifty years old July 25th, because he relates how one of his sledge men had died after his feet had been frozen and amputated. This had happened almost at the same point where the Commander met with his disaster twenty-three years later.

"When the sun came out, we lashed Peary to a sledge and started back over the 250-mile trail to headquarters, which we made in nine marches. It was rough going at times, and in some spots, where we had to tilt the sledge on its side, we used the Commander's shoulder for a drag; in another place, I bent down and let them guide the sledge over my back as a slide down a drop so as not to jar him too much.

"When we got back to headquarters the ship's surgeon decided upon immediate amputation of Peary's toes; he amputating those of the left foot, I those of the right. The freezing had prevented gangrene spreading up the leg, but it might have set in any minute. The reason I had to work on one foot was that he couldn't stay under the anaesthetic long and we had to work fast. Even as we finished he commenced to groan and kick.

"PEARY must have known, long before we got to Fort Conger, that his feet were freezing, because they burn like fire when they freeze, and if he had only let me know, so that I could have thawed them against my warm body, as I'd often done for others, I might have saved him the terrible agony as well as his toes.

"If he had been alone there with Eskimos when he collapsed, he might never have lived, for they are very superstitious about frozen feet. They reason that if a man has frozen feet it is because the Evil Spirit doesn't want him to walk and if he can't walk he must perish in the snow."

Matt, more than any other man who traveled with Peary, experienced the greatest perils and privations. He tells how, during the retreat in 1906, which is known as the Starvation Campaign, they twice were near their end.

"We were in our igloo one night," he says, "when suddenly there came what seemed like a seaquake. The ice parted and rose and heaved; a cloud of vapor came up from the water underneath. I was on a big floe with my boys and dogs. Peary was with his party on a piece about as big as a city block which had been torn loose. For a while it spun around, then it reunited with the ice I was on and the whole field commenced to move. We drifted eighty miles in forty-eight hours, but we were safe.

"Another time on that march we came to a lead which had just been frozen over, and the Commander was for waiting until the ice should thicken; but I suggested we push on before the lead open up again, as I could

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

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CHRYSLER 70

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINETEEN]

see, here and there, white spots which indicated thickening ice. We spread far apart so that if one party should go through, it would not cause all the ice to gap and carry us all down.

"As we went over the ice it commenced to 'bend' and sway under us, and the dogs, which have an instinct for danger, spread-eagled as they marched along. It was ticklish business, but we made it. At one point the Commander threw away his 'kopetah,' or outer fur coat, to reduce his weight, but I crawled on my hands and knees and retrieved it, because I was afraid he might freeze to death without it.

"We had run out of food on this trip and we subsisted on four dogs that were killed out of the teams—we eating the front quarters and feeding the skins and other parts to the surviving pullers."

It was on the return from this trip that Peary almost lost the Roosevelt when the ice crushed the ship so badly it had virtually to be remade at Shooter's Island in order to continue homeward.

Henson first became attached to Peary in 1887 as valet and went with him to Nicaragua, but his intelligence was such that Peary decided he needed him more as an assistant in his surveying work than as a body servant. They became parted for a time after the Nicaraguan trip, but in 1891 Matt rejoined the Commander (then Lieutenant) and went with him to Greenland in the Kite. Thereafter he was with Peary until the finish of his exploration career, making trips to Greenland in 1893, 1895, and 1896, to Grant Land in 1898-1902, to Cape Sheridan in 1905-06, and to the Pole in 1908-09.

Matt comments, gratefully, that in all their cruises to the north only two men of Peary's party lost their lives—Verhoeff on their first trip and Marvin on the last.

With the exception of the final, successful trip in 1909, there was never a time that Peary did not suffer greatly from hunger and the elements—and Henson was always at his side. He, with Hugh Lee, remained with Peary when all the rest of his party, including Eskimos, sailed on the ill-fated Falcon. The latter ship, in 1894, took Mrs. Peary and the others of the Peary party to Philadelphia, then turned north to Sydney, Nova Scotia, and was lost with all on board.

IN March, 1895, while in the interior of Greenland, Matt had to bear the brunt of the work. Two days away from camp, Peary gave up trying to drive dogs and turned his sledge and team over to him. On the fifth day Lee's feet froze and Matt had to take over his outfit. This brought about what Matt calls "the grandest dog fight I ever saw."

"Each team," he relates, "has a king dog which, by his courage and strength, has established himself as master of all the others. And there can only be one king. Well, here I had three teams and three kings, and I could not make one team out of them until the three had fought it out. So we held off one and let the other two go to it. It was a great fight. And then, after we had let the victor rest about an hour, we staged the second battle and the first winner was victorious again. We then were able to blend the teams, totaling thirty-seven dogs, and move on.

"The S. P. C. A. might think it was not nice for us to make the dogs fight, but we had to do it to get discipline. It is the instinct and the code of the Eskimo dog and you can't stop it. Eskimo dogs are mostly wolf and their outstanding characteristics are fighting and stealing. You dare not leave food where they can get at it or they will devour it—and they will eat anything from deerskin shoes to the walrus lash that we use for whipping them to work."

During his eighteen years of association with the Eskimos, Henson became so adept in their language, sledge building, igloo building, and dog-driving, he was accepted as one of them and has a high regard and sympathy for them.

"Votes for women will never bother the Eskimos," he says, "for the man is boss up there and there is no nagging. There is no marriage ceremony and a man can have as many wives as he can feed. When an Eskimo wants a wife, he goes to the father of the girl and asks for her. If the old man is agreeable, the suitor spends a night in the paternal igloo and the next day drives off with the bride, who becomes the household drudge for the hunter.

"Wife trading is general, but if a bachelor wants a married woman he has to defeat her husband in a series of athletic contests. These consist of finger pulling, wrist pulling, and wrestling. The winner gets the woman and there are no hard feelings. Each family is a law unto itself and there are no tribal chiefs.

"The Eskimos never fight and the men never get angry at each other, though husbands sometimes thrash their wives."

To me this little man Henson is an interesting and heroic figure, glad he is alive and glad the world finally gives to The Boss, Peary, the meed of credit to which twenty-five years of determined labor and self-sacrifice entitle him—or his memory. Perhaps you will understand him better when I tell you how I found him during the days of satisfaction immediately following the news that Amundsen and his brave crew had landed safely at Teller, Alaska, and that the good ship Norge had done her work.

MATT is, and has been for thirteen years, a Federal messenger. His job, by the way, is not a reward from a grateful government to one of its loyal sons. Congress rightly gave Peary a vote of thanks and an admiralcy, and he received golden medals from almost every civilized nation of the earth. Henson got nothing except the honor.

At no time during his narrative did Henson abandon his habitual modesty or try to create the impression that he did any more than what he considered his duty to his chief—to obey orders. He considers Peary the greatest of all the Arctic explorers, and still has the warmest and most loyal regard for the man he served faithfully eighteen years in the North.

Peary after his return from the Pole.

But I could not avoid the feeling that deep down in his heart Matt nurses a bitterness against a public that gave all of the credit to the leader and none to the man who broke the trail for that leader and actually made it possible for Peary to attain his life's ambition.

Early in June I was in the American Museum of Natural History with Matt, in the Polar Hall, and he pointed out to me the split runner on Peary's sledge which he (Henson) had repaired at the Pole itself. He had built that sledge in the first place and also designed the cooker which is part of the Peary relic exhibit in the museum.

On a panel, just abaft the case containing the sledge and other equipment, are pictures of Peary and others who went on that epochal trip with him. But in the whole lot there was not a picture of Matt, the man who carried through.

While we were looking at the exhibit, Matt told me that two days before the American Geographical Society had sent for him and asked him to prepare for it a statement of his share in the Peary discovery.

"I told them," he said, "that they had waited for seventeen years to call on me to tell my story and I didn't think it would hurt any if they waited a little while longer."

In all the hullabaloo over Peary and Cook and the Pole, Matt was not consulted and his testimony was evidently considered of such slight importance that he was at no time summoned as a witness in the scientific and Congressional investigations which finally established Peary's claim.

ALL too scant attention is accorded Henson by Peary's biographer, Commander Fitzhugh Green, but the discoverer himself paid full tribute to his loyal assistant in the following telegram, sent on the occasion of a dinner which was given in Matt's honor by the people of his race:

"I congratulate you and your race upon Matthew Henson. He has driven home to the world your great adaptability and the fiber of which you are made. He has added to the moral stature of every man among you. His is the hard-earned reward of tried loyalty, persistence, and endurance. He should be an everlasting example to your young men that these qualities will win whatever object they are directed at."

Again, he said: "Matthew A. Henson, my Negro assistant, has been with me in one capacity or another since my second trip to Nicaragua in 1887. I have taken him on each and all of my expeditions, except the first, and also without exception on each of my farthest sledge trips. This position I have given him primarily because of his adaptability and fitness for the work, and secondly, on account of his loyalty. He is a better dog driver and can handle a sledge better than any man living, except some of the best Eskimo hunters themselves."

Henson was not about when I went seeking him, but Mr. Sylvester, his immediate superior, told me he soon would return.

"What sort of man is Henson?" I asked Henson's chief.

"A very fine man," replied Mr. Sylvester.

"Does he like to talk to newspapermen?"

"I don't think so," smilingly. "There have been a lot of them up here to see him, but Matt is not a talker. In all the years he has been here none of us ever has had a complete story from him about his work with Peary."

"Is he intelligent—efficient?"

"Absolutely! Matt is an educated man and does his work perfectly."

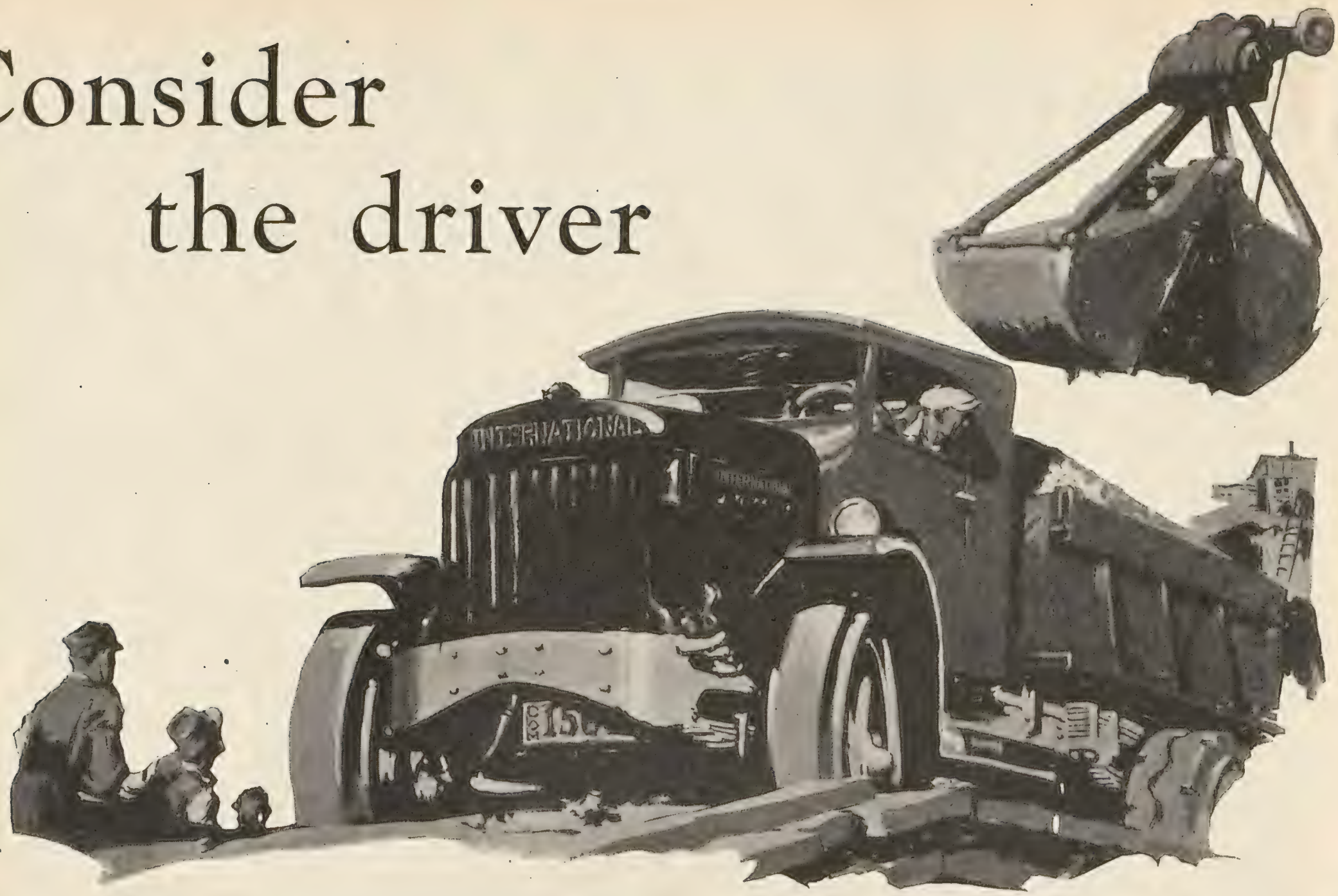
If he lives until August 8, 1926, Matt Henson will be sixty years old, though he looks like a man of forty. He was born of free people in Charles County, Maryland, and when nine years old ran away to sea.

Fortunately, Amundsen and Byrd rode safely to and from the Pole. Our man of the air, Byrd, covered more than 1,200 miles in less than sixteen hours. It took Peary and Matt, with their tortuous trail, more than forty days to cover less than 500 miles.

Amundsen and Byrd pullmaned to the Pole. Peary and Matt pick-axed their way to it.

THE END

Consider the driver



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Prohibition—*Pro and Con*

CON

From a Brief Filed by

JULIAN CODMAN

and His Associates Before the Senate

INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE

Cartoons by LUI TRUGO

TO THE EDITOR, LIBERTY—The summary of the evidence which was filed with the Subcommittee of the Senate Judiciary Committee as a brief for the proponents of legislation for the modification of the National Prohibition Law was prepared after I left Washington.

I have read it carefully and it is in the main a correct statement of the proved facts. Some matters were dealt with on which no testimony was given at the hearing, but this, I think, is made sufficiently plain.

Yours very truly,
JULIAN CODMAN.

(Last week LIBERTY printed an article by Wayne B. Wheeler, presenting the arguments of those opposed to any modification of the National Prohibition Act. The present article sums up the position of those who favor modification.)

All officials freely testified that they made no effort to invade the home to enforce the prohibition law.

THE Joint Legislative Committee of the American Federation of Labor, the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment, the Constitutional Liberty League of Massachusetts, and the Moderation League, Inc., on behalf of itself and the several Senators who introduced bills to modify or amend the Volstead act and the Eighteenth Amendment, presented to the subcommittee of the Senate Judiciary Committee the following brief and analysis of the testimony offered in the hearings on the several bills to modify the National Prohibition Act.

The evidence presented in these hearings, uncontroverted and unchallenged, shows:

1. That authenticated statistics compiled by the police departments of the larger cities of the United States, and many smaller ones, reveal a progressive increase in arrests for drunkenness from 1920, the first year of prohibition, to 1925, inclusive, thereby proving that prohibition is not now effectively enforced anywhere in the United States.

2. That arrests for drunkenness began to decline in 1917 and continued to drop rapidly during 1918 and 1919, and that during the period of this decline milder beverages, such as beer and wine, were the principal drinks available for public consumption.

3. That by 1924 the arrests for drunkenness were practically as great in number as in 1916 and 1917, when they reached the high peak, and that available reports show that in 1925 they had in many places gone higher than the preprohibition peak, thus proving the fact that prohibition as a remedy for intemperance is a total failure.

4. That to a very great extent present-day drinking is confined largely to the homes, clubs, hotels, and secret resorts and that it is not now at all necessary for intoxicated persons to expose themselves to arrest on the public streets, as in the preprohibition era, when most of the drinking was done in the saloons, and intoxicated persons were compelled to use the streets in an attempt to get home.

5. That attempted prohibition enforcement has introduced into important departments of the Federal Government corruption on a colossal scale and scandals of such magnitude as

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[PROHIBITION—PRO AND CON: CON
Continued from Page Twenty-three]

to bring discredit upon the agencies of the Government and shake the faith of the people in the integrity of the Government.

6. That deaths from alcoholism and cirrhosis of the liver, a disease attributable to excessive use of alcohol, showed a steady and abrupt decline from 1917 to 1920, inclusive, and a rapid increase from 1920 to 1925, inclusive, and that deaths from both causes have risen to a higher level in the early months of 1926 than in the preprohibition period.

7. That after six years of national prohibition and the expenditure of vast sums of money to enforce the law, the manufacture of alcoholic beverages by illicit distillation and conversion of denatured industrial alcohol has become a great and growing industry.

THE money value of the output of these products was estimated by accredited agents of the Federal Government as several times as great as the combined expenditures for whisky, wine, beer, and other alcoholic beverages before the ratification of the Eighteenth Amendment.

District Attorney Buckner of New York estimated the money value of alcoholic liquor fabricated from redistilled denatured alcohol in the States of New York and Pennsylvania alone to be more than $3,600,000,000 a year, and Federal Prohibition Administrator Frederick C. Baird of the Pittsburgh district estimated the value of the moonshine products of the stills he had captured in his district in an eight months period to be in excess of $2,000,000,000 a year.

These estimates show the value of the unlawful output of alcoholic liquor in a very small territory of the United States, not including smuggled liquors, to be approximately $5,600,000,000 a year—about four times the value of all alcoholic liquors consumed in the United States before prohibition.

8. That it has not been shown that the commercial manufacture and sale of moonshine whisky and smuggled liquor has been satisfactorily suppressed in any State or city in the United States.

9. That the manufacture of moonshine whisky is a very common practice, as illustrated by the fact that 172,000 stills or parts of stills were captured in 1925, and that the number captured year after year has increased rather than diminished, and that the Federal Administrator of Prohibition admitted that not more than one still in ten in actual operation is captured.

10. That stills and parts of stills were captured in vastly greater numbers in so-called dry States than in wet States, proving conclusively that where it is more difficult to obtain smuggled or diverted whisky, the demand is supplied by local manufacture.

11. That the immediate effect of curtailing the commercial supply of alcoholic liquors has been to drive the manufacturer of whisky, wine, beer, cider, and other alcoholic beverages into the homes of the American people, into the presence of the women and children.

12. That the manufacture of alcoholic liquor in the home, however disastrous the act itself may be upon health and family life, is of small consequence as compared with the example of defiance and contempt for law on the youth of the land.

13. That all officials have freely testified that they have made no effort to invade the homes to enforce the prohibition law or even to enforce the law against the small violator; that they are unable to go into the homes under the law as interpreted today.

14. That whisky, gin, wine, beer, cider, and other alcoholic beverages are now manufactured in millions of homes—some estimates being as high as 90 per cent of the homes in certain communities.

15. That processes and apparatus for the redistillation of denatured alcohol have reached such a state of perfection that any denaturant may be removed, leaving scarcely a trace, and that such redistilled alcohol is largely used in the manufacture of illicit whisky and gin.

16. That simple devices for the distillation of alcohol can be made from ordinary household utensils.

17. That alcohol may be readily made from corn and cane sugars, by the addition of yeast, without odor or residue, thus simplifying the problem of the moonshiner and household distiller.

18. That the enforcement of the prohibition law in centers where the sentiment of the people is arrayed against it has become such a crime-breeding problem that the time of public officials is so largely occupied in attempted suppression that they are compelled to neglect other vastly more important public duties.

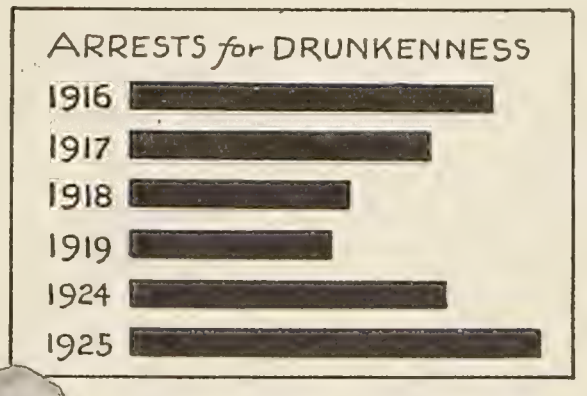
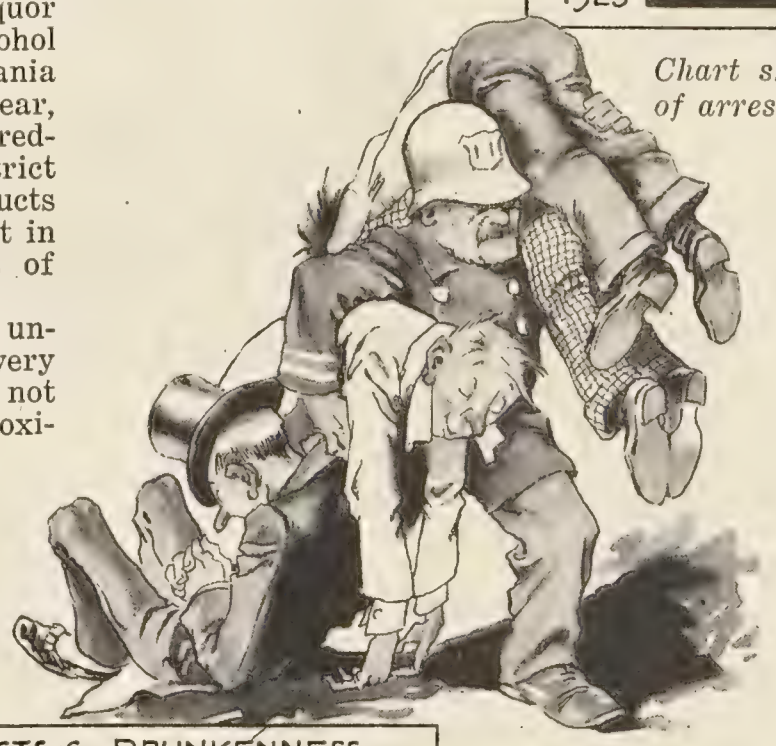
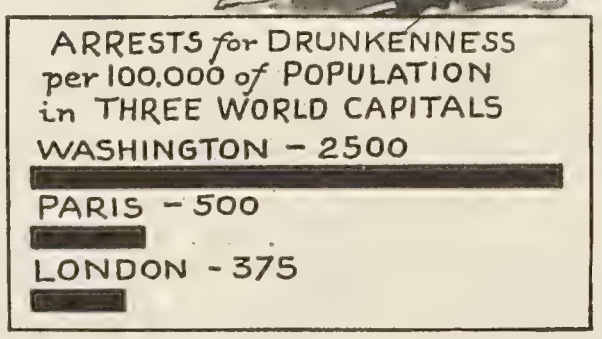


Chart shows ebb and flow of arrests for drunkenness.





Shows arrests in dry Washington and wet Paris and London.

19. That prohibition enforcement promotes feuds among public officials, embitters neighbor against neighbor, thus inciting ill feeling, riots, crimes of violence, and disturbing the good neighborly relations that should exist in all communities.

20. That in its attempted enforcement it has resulted in the killing and wounding of many prohibition agents, public officials, and citizens.

21. That prohibition has led to increased drinking on the part of women and children; that it has popularized the hip-pocket flask; that it has made the serving of liquors in the homes a social custom; that it has contributed directly to a condition of immorality illustrated in an alarming increase in social diseases.

22. That prohibition has created a vast army of rum runners, moonshiners, bootleggers, and corrupt public officials, thereby directly breeding a condition of lawlessness unequaled in the history of the Republic, and that its outcroppings have been evidenced by the preponderance of desperate and violent crime now being perpetrated by the very young.

23. That even if the Federal Government, by enormous expense and effort, in co-operation with State and municipal governments, with additional enormous expense and effort, should be able fairly effectively to suppress the smuggling of alcoholic liquor into the United States, to stop the diversion of industrial alcohol into beverage liquor, and stamp out the commercialized distillation of moonshine whisky, it would not then even have made a beginning in the suppression of the manufacture of liquors in the American homes.

24. That the cost of even moderately effective control of the commercialized traffic would mount to prohibitive sums, it being estimated by United States District Attorney Buckner of New York that it would require an appropriation of at least $75,000,000 a year to restrain the commercialized industry in the State of New York.

25. That attempted prohibition enforcement has introduced demoralization and corruption into the professional agencies charged with the protection of the public health, such as druggists and physicians.

26. That it has a corrupting effect upon the public morals and public conscience; has been a prolific breeder of crime; has demoralized the youth of the land; and that altogether it has been the greatest curse that ever came upon the country.

27. That prohibition was foisted upon the country through emotion, prejudice, and passion, fanned into fury by thousands of professional reformers, and that among the propagandists were many political preachers and churchmen who have thus betrayed the principle of complete separation of State and Church in American government.

28. That while the United States, under prohibition, has made no progress toward temperance, other countries, notably Canada, England, and France, have reduced public drunkenness, in many instances more than 60 per cent, and that they have not experienced any of the difficulties of enforcement so general throughout the United States.

ADVOCATES of a change in the present order of things did not introduce any witnesses who had any financial or selfish interest in this cause and, on the other hand, the defenders of the prohibition law were principally professional propagandists and political preachers.

In proof of Statement 1 that arrests for drunkenness have steadily and progressively increased under the prohibition law, from 1920 to 1925, inclusive, we quote statistics from the records of the police departments of thirty-two important cities as presented to the committee and vouched for by Senator William Cabell Bruce.

The reports show that arrests for drunkenness increased from 147,994 in 1920, the first year of constitutional prohibition, to 407,032 in 1925, an increase of 259,038 after constitutional prohibition had been in effect five years and after millions of dollars had been expanded in an effort to suppress alcohol for beverage purposes.

This astonishing and alarming increase in drunkenness, far greater than it was in the same cities in 1918 and 1919 under restrictions, is proof that the genius of the American people to acquire alcohol for beverage purposes is more alert than the effectiveness of the agencies of the Government to suppress it.

We quote from the police statistics compiled by Mr. Stanley Shirk, research director for the Moderation League, Inc., and submitted under oath:

The police records of 350 cities, as attested by Mr. Shirk, showed 521,464 arrests for drunkenness in 1917; 406,321 in 1918; and 297,522 in 1919. It is thus shown that in two years arrests for drunkenness, under restrictions, declined 223,942. The decrease from

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

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Know them by the Blue Handle

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

1918 to 1919 was 108,797, but between 1919 and 1920, the first year of national prohibition, and conceded by all to be the most effective year of prohibition, the drop in arrests for drunkenness was only 71,452.

After four years of national prohibition, as in 1916 and 1917, when the peak of arrests was reached, we again quote from Mr. Shirk's police records, which shows the following results:

ARRESTS for drunkenness in 1916, in 350 cities, 539,076; 1917—521,464; 1923—484,753; 1924—498,752. Complete returns from 450 cities, from 1920 to 1924, inclusive, show the following result: 1920—258,974; 1921—351,644; 1922—470,063; 1923—550,137; 1924—565,026. The returns for 1925, so far as compiled, show a proportionate increase over 1924.

District Attorney Bernsteen of Cleveland declared that the commercialized traffic in unlawful liquor was under effective suppression in Cleveland, and had been for two or three years under his administration. In connection with his testimony it is interesting to note that arrests for drunkenness in Cleveland show the same steady upward trend as in all other cities, the record being: 1920—2,991; 1921—5,156; 1922—16,817; 1923—18,814; 1924—19,271; 1925—23,393.

We next turn to Chicago. United States District Attorney Olsen told how he had tied up Chicago. A few days later the Mayor of Chicago, Judge Dever, described how he had forced Mr. Olsen's co-operation by threatening to lay the facts as to conditions in Chicago before President Coolidge.

The Mayor described with much detail how the entire police force of Chicago had been employed for three years in a continuous effort to suppress the traffic in alcoholic liquors.

Enforcement in Chicago and Cleveland appears to mean exactly the same thing—a steady increase in drunkenness from year to year.

Now Pittsburgh: Prohibition Administrator Baird, with a salary of $6,000 a year from the Government and $12,500 a year from one of Judge Gary's railroads, did not report progress. While his service covered only the last quarter of the year 1925, it is interesting to observe that arrests for drunkenness in Pittsburgh increased from 25,401 in 1924 to 28,669 in 1925.

Philadelphia also had two years of police enforcement under General Smedley D. Butler. In 1923 the city staggered along under a burden of only 45,226 arrests for drunkenness, but in 1924, after General Butler got into action, the arrests climbed up to 55,766, and in 1925 reached the peak of 58,617.

The police of St. Louis devoted six months to enforcement in 1925. The net result was that arrests for drunkenness in St. Louis in 1925 increased to 5,092 as compared with 2,551 in 1924.

It was introduced in the record that Boston, under prohibition, has 4,833 arrests for drunkenness per 100,000 of population, while Montreal, under regulation, has but 627.

Reports of arrests for drunkenness in three world capitals—Washington, London, and Paris—show this interesting result, on the basis of arrests per 100,000 of population: Washington, under prohibition, 2,500; Paris, under regulation, 500; London, also under regulation, 375.

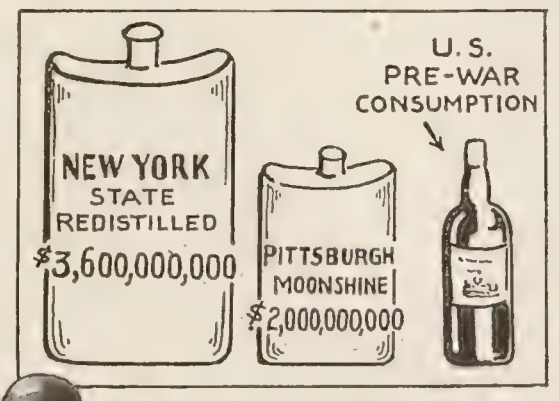
Washington under prohibition, and after more than five years of enforcement effort, is shown to be exactly five times as drunken as Paris and seven times as drunken as London.

Through their identification with the Committee of One Thousand for Law Enforcement it appears that Mr. Rockefeller, Jr., and Judge Gary are keen for the enforcement of the prohibition law, and Judge Gary's interest might further be illustrated by the fact that he continues to pay the salary of one of his railroad officials who is now serving as a prohibition administrator.

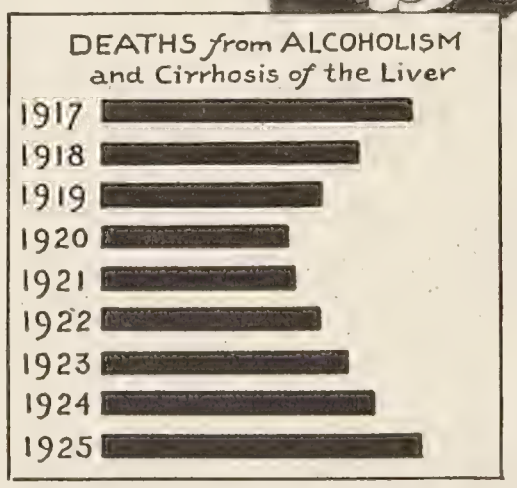
Fred B. Smith of New York, with influence of wealth and power behind him, launched a crusade for law enforcement in Washington in October, 1923, in what he called a citizenship conference. The same professional drys spoke at that meeting who appeared before this committee in the recent hearings.

Two representatives of the United States Government delivered speeches at that conference. You will find those speeches in Mr. Smith's book, entitled Law *vs.* Lawlessness. They urged the representatives of the conference to go back home and start law-enforcement crusades.

Those speeches were broadcast throughout the country. A short time thereafter a committee of preachers in the city of Herrin, Illinois, decided that they wanted to put on a crusade to enforce the prohibition law. They sent a committee to Washington to confer with Roy A. Haynes, then Federal Prohibition Commissioner.



How moonshine of dry era compares with liquor consumption of the wet days.



The vital statistics of liquor in the prohibition era.

Mr. Haynes recommended that these preachers employ one S. Glenn Young, who had boasted that he had killed thirty-two men, to go into Herrin as an unofficial enforcer of prohibition. He went. He put pillowcases and bed sheets on one faction of the citizenship that wanted the prohibition law enforced and began war on Herrin citizens. The casualties to date are twenty dead. The State militia has been called out four times and is still on duty in that strife-torn city.

PROHIBITION law enforcement and prohibition patriotism inspired by the wealth and influence of those who, through their corporate connections, were not long ago under the penalty of the law and under the threat of the Government, embitters neighbor against neighbor, incites riots and tragedies that are a disgrace to a civilized nation, and erects its tombstones over the graves of citizens whose lives have been snuffed out as a tribute to religious intolerance incorporated into constitutional amendment and statutory law.

Wayne B. Wheeler, general counsel for the Anti-Saloon League, in the week preceding these hearings, described the prosperity of the Anti-Saloon League in the immediate years before prohibition in terms of millions of dollars. He stated that the League's expenditures exceeded $2,500,000 a year, that it set in motion 50,000 speakers, that it flooded the country with trainload after trainload of literature.

This committee will recall that Mr. Wheeler, upon filing his brief, stated that it was his intention to take the witness stand and testify in behalf of prohibition. Under his oath as a witness he would have been subject to cross-examination. We desired to have him interrogated as to the source and disbursement of the $35,000,000 that he has publicly declared was collected and used to write the prohibition amendment into the Constitution.

We desired particularly to have him interrogated as to the amount of the contributions to the Anti-Saloon League by Mr. Rockefeller, Jr., and Judge Gary, and other captains of industry, and also as to the significance of the strange phenomenon that after the alliance of the Anti-Saloon League and big business to keep up a continuous ferment or smoke screen over prohibition, antitrust prosecutions suddenly ceased, and certain great political leaders, who had rocked the country with their denunciations of combinations of capital in restraint of trade, became strangely silent on this subject after their zeal in prohibition had reached the Anti-Saloon League payroll stage.

The mischief that the prohibition law is doing in this country, as revealed in this hearing, and its far-reaching destructive effects upon society and government, make it imperative that the Senate of the United States inquire into the origin, history, and activity of the small group of men who have brought these frightful conditions upon the Republic.

It has been charged during these hearings, and freely admitted, that members of Congress are on the payroll of the Anti-Saloon League. Members of both the House and the Senate have admitted that they accepted money from the Anti-Saloon League for making prohibition speeches.

We submit the price is too dear even to keep the unctuous Mr. Wheeler in a lifetime job as a parasite upon misguided religious and industrial organizations and as a supergovernment in his own divine right.

IT has been the boast of the drys that prohibition is good for business. We beg to remind you that prohibition was put forward as being good for public morals, and that it has been shown to you that it has been disastrous to public morals. The only defense that can now be made is that it is a good economic measure.

Prohibitionists have quoted glibly many captains of industry as being favorable to prohibition, but the committee will recall that they did not bring any industrial leaders here to so testify. They fell back upon the testimony of Professor Fisher of Yale that it had saved the country $6,000,000,000 a year.

The defect in this testimony is that Professor Fisher did not take into account the financial plight of the farmers, who have sustained great losses in farm values during the past five years, who are paying one-third of their income in taxes, abandoning their farms and flocking to the cities to make a living.

The theory that prohibition is a benefit to business is based upon the idea that Congress has the power to destroy one industry for the benefit of another industry, and that is dangerous theory to put into practise.

Some of those who have contributed large sums of money to the Anti-Saloon League to destroy one industry, on the theory that they would derive a direct financial benefit, may find themselves confronted with a situation in which it is sought to destroy their own industry for the benefit of somebody else.

THE END

Ten Years *from your* Life
$ 30,000 *in fines*

Disease vs. Health

Defendant ignored symptoms, refused to put in a defense. When apprehended at his office he was found guilty and brought before the court for sentence.

Judge: You are hereby sentenced to lose ten years from your life and to pay fines of thirty thousand dollars in lowered ability during the time left you.

Defendant: But . . . . but my family . . . . my whole life . . . . I'm in my prime . . . . I can't afford . . . .

Judge: Next case.

• • • • • • • • • • • •

ALIKE to men and women who ignore constipation and to those who await each attack before applying a remedy there comes a day of X-ray pictures or a physician's diagnosis. It may be ulcers, appendicitis, tumors, diseases of kidney, liver or heart. Life is shortened. Earning ability cut in half. No more play. Pain and poverty till the end.

More body-knowledge needed

Learn about the inner workings of the body and possess a 4-day trial of a famous, non-medicinal, dietless, nature-given preventive of all constipation. This requires merely the sending of the coupon below. Thousands thank this offer for renewed health and safety from disease. You—no one—should neglect it.

Constipation—internal poisoning—is often hidden. Its victims are numbered in millions, yet nine-tenths do not know their ill.

In the bends and folds of the five-foot-long intestine particles of food-waste lodge. These are breeding places for parasitical germs that manufacture poison. The blood-stream is polluted. First symptoms are headaches, jumpy nerves, insomnia, listlessness, debility; eventual results are serious diseases.

We cannot rely on gymnastic exercises to counteract constipation; these frequently strain most seriously. Nor on diets or special foods, since as diet experts insist, ulcerations or kidney disease may come from the wrong self-eliminating foods.

The new nature-given health

Now, thousands have found real freedom from all constipation, hidden or otherwise. This, with perfect safety to the rest of the body. They are new-made. Possessed of physical vigor and nerve contentment. Night and morning, as regularly as they brush their teeth, they take a swallow of the nut-tasting, physician-recommended Nujol, the clear liquid derived from Nature.

Nujol has the marvelous power to work on the food debris alone, to soften masses in the intestines, and to keep all moving outward, regularly, thoroughly. It never interferes with digestion, and can be safely taken even in sickness or convalescence. Nujol is in fact recommended by physicians for expectant and nursing mothers, for youngest babies and for elderly people as well as for men and women in athletic prime.

Test Yourself with this offer

Millions of men and women, unknowing, have the constipation which brings shortened life and lowered ability. A 4-day trial offers nature's way to freedom. Not a medicine or laxative. Note the greater energy toward end of test. It is proof.

See coupon below

Your difference in feelings even after using only the 4-day trial bottle of Nujol (that offered in the coupon) will tell you how much you have suffered in the past from hidden constipation. Though your internal poisoning may have been very slight, beginning to get safely rid of every trace of it is a thousand times worth the trouble of sending this coupon.

If you go straightway to your druggist and obtain a full sized Nujol to start taking it tonight, you should still send the coupon for the book, "Defeating the Enemy of Health." This comes in handy many times for self and family. No money necessary for book. And while Nujol is at all druggists everywhere, this book and trial offer are given only occasionally.

Nujol

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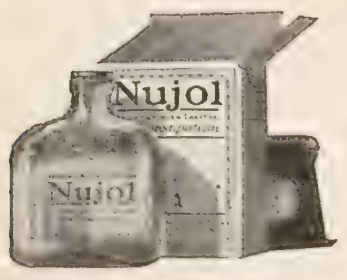

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Send me 4-day trial bottle of Nujol, the non-medicinal remover of hidden constipation. Enclosed is 10 cents to pay shipping costs. Send also 30-page, illustrated booklet, "Defeating the Enemy of Health." (For booklet alone, draw a line through 10 cents above, and send no money.)

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A

Pictures
by
A. D. FULLER

A Short Story of a Flying Ace and a Flighty Queen

By
JOHN MONK SAUNDERS

"SHOOT out the half—all or any part of it. Faded? *Am* I faded? Hit 'em a lick, dice! Bam! Little Joe—Little Joe fum Baltimo'—Little Joe's m' point. Come, Joseph—'nother half I come—Little Josie. Bam! One mile from home. *Little* Joshua—lose a pound, baby, lose a pound. Bam! There he is! Shoot the dollar——"

The reason the Adjutant's appearance in the doorway made no difference to the intent circle around the tautly drawn blanket over the cot was because nobody saw him.

By and by someone looked up.

"AttenSHUN!"

The Adjutant was standing in the doorway, pad in hand, pencil cocked.

"Names?" he inquired ever so politely.

One by one the rigid figures facing him sounded off:

"Lieutenant Price, sir."

"Lieutenant Smackover, sir."

"Lieutenant Anspacher, sir."

One by one they went down on the little pad. When the list was complete the Adjutant restored the pad to the breast pocket of his blouse and buttoned the flap.

"Thank you, gentlemen," he murmured. "Lieutenant Price will report to the Commandant at once," he added, and departed.

The Adjutant was a rare figure in the flyers' quarters and his arrival at the height of a crap game had the dark aspect of a tip-off.

When Carkeek came stalking into the barracks a minute later a strained silence fell upon the group. He was large for a pursuit pilot and older than the rest. He had a determined manner and a long upper lip, like a horse's—or Bill Hart's. There was a certain defiance in the way he walked to the cot lately employed by the crap-shooters.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

At dark they were back to report that they had found the plane all right, but that you couldn't get within a mile of it on account of the slough.

Everything a cleaner needs to be completely efficient!

OF COURSE, when you see the General Electric monogram on a new vacuum cleaner, you know that cleaner must be modern, easy to use, thoroughly efficient. And it is.

It has a special brush to loosen the dirt, and hungry suction to swallow it. It runs with purring smoothness without any oiling. And the G-E quality that has been built into it, will last through years of busiest use.

The six very exceptional attachments are connected by swivel joints that make them particularly easy to use. How they do get into corners—and clean 'em up!

$49.00 *East of the Rockies*

and this price includes all six attachments

Merchandise Department
General Electric Company
Bridgeport, Connecticut

GENERAL ELECTRIC

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

"Deacon" (we called him the Deacon: there was no humor in him)— "Deacon," someone demanded finally, "have you been up to headquarters?"

Carkeek smoothed out his blanket and sat down.

"Maybe," he observed stiffly, "maybe you fellows will learn your lesson—sometime."

"By God!——"

"Oh, leave him be, Smack; he doesn't know any better. He isn't human, that bird."

Gale Price, a sun- and wind-burned stripling with a clear, young skin and eyes of high blue, was fastening on a crisp white stock and slipping into his blouse. He was making ready for his official call upon the Commandant, and grinning.

When he stepped out into the aisle between the cots he was, from the slanting brim of his field hat to the polished toes of his cordovan boots, trimly policed. His heels smote the floor smartly when he walked.

"Heave a prayer for me, boys," he instructed as he went out the door.

MAJOR BURTON, A.S., U.S.A., Commandant of Endor Field, Aerial Gunnery School for Pursuit Pilots, Arcadia, Florida, surveyed the taut figure before him.

"About this gambling, Lieutenant," he began thoughtfully. "The orders are posted in your quarters, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"You've been warned before?"

"That's right, sir," cheerfully.

"I realize," the Major continued, "that it's pretty tiresome for you fellows to be confined to the post this way. But I can't let you out till the flu epidemic's over and the quarantine's lifted. In the meantime, you've got to improve your spare hours without the aid of dice."

"Yes, sir."

"I've just been straightening out one little affair—about a bad check passed in one of your games. Two men are in trouble——"

"Not on my account, sir."

"But you're demoralizing the whole post. Give you fellows a minute to yourselves and you gamble your heads off! The most I can give you is three hours' flying a day, and if there's no other way to stop this gambling I'm going to put you all at close order drill the rest of the time!

"And as for you," he added, "I'm told you're the wildest of the lot!"

"May I ask who told you, sir?" Price inquired.

The Major fixed him with a keen gray eye.

"May *I* ask," he returned, "why you pick Lieutenant Carkeek's cot to play on?"

Price grinned happily. The Deacon professed an aversion to games of chance in any form. It was Price's humor, therefore, to stage the hottest sessions upon his cot.

"Now I tell you what I'm going to do with you, Lieutenant. I think if I take you out of the officers' quarters for a time this fever'll cool down. I'm going to take you off flying and I'm going to put you on guard duty. As for the others," he added, running his eye down the list given him by the Adjutant, "let this serve as a warning."

The light died out of Price's eyes.

"Will that kill my chance of going overseas with my squad-

ron?" This, mind you, was in 1918.

"You should have thought of that before," the Major reminded him.

"Yes, sir."

"You'll take over the guard detail at six."

"Yes, sir."

"That's all."

"Thank you, sir."

Lieutenant Price saluted, pivoted on his heel, and swung out of the office.

Back in the barracks he answered a score of anxious queries with a single word, delivered gently and without rancor:

"Grounded."

It was hard to believe at first. It would be the first time that the heavy hand of discipline had fallen upon the luminous head of Gale Price, despite his inextinguishable tendency to mischief. But when he began to fold his fresh laundry away in a suitcase it was clear that the worst had befallen.

"Stick you on the guard?"

"Yep."

"How long?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Boy, that's tough. Miss the ball, eh?"

The post planned a ball to celebrate its release from quarantine a week hence.

PRICE halted suddenly in his preparations as if struck by a thought that hadn't yet occurred to him. "Yes," he reflected soberly, "I guess that lets me out."

"And that ain't all," someone else put in; "we got embarkation orders coming up."

"Don't rub it in," Price cautioned them.

Price took his punishment like a sportsman. Neither by word nor gesture nor intonation did he indicate that he considered himself badly used or that he felt his to be a hard lot. As for Carkeek, the Nemesis, Price appeared unaware of his existence.

When, in a side car, he departed for the guardroom at the upper end of the field, there was a consultation in one corner of the barracks.

"What'll we do with that buzzard?" Carkeek, on his cot, appeared to be writing a letter. "Beat him up, one by one, or chuck him in the swamp? Or put a rattlesnake in his bed?"

"Good idea! He's leery of snakes."

"Leave him to Price," advised another. "It's really Price's job. And don't worry," he prophesied. "Price'll take care of him when he comes out—if it isn't too late."

Lieutenant Price's first official act, upon the assumption of his new duties as officer of the guard, was to compose a note, a note addressed to a Miss Mary-Ellen Church of Tampa, Florida, containing the following intelligence:

DEAR MARY-ELLEN:

If anyone else asks you to the ball, you'd better accept, because I may not be able to take you after all. I won't know till the last minute and of course I can't ask you to wait till then. You see, the Commandant has just appointed me Officer of the Guard. Lord knows, I didn't deserve the honor, but I couldn't very well refuse and it looks as though I might be on duty the night of the ball. If I do get off, why, save a dance for me.

With love, GALE.

He received, almost by return mail, a faintly scented envelope inclosing the following dispatch:

DEAR GALE:

I'm *so* sorry. I did want so much to go with you. Lieutenant Carkeek wrote me that, because of the "honor" bestowed upon you, you probably wouldn't be able to attend the ball and he asked if he might take me. Maybe it would be safer if I went with him, because I do want to come and then if you do get off you can dance with me, anyway. I'll save two for you—near the end.

Ever, MARY-ELLEN.

The face of the officer of the guard was covered with an admiring grin. "Could you beat that fellow?" he asked himself. "Gets me grounded, jeopardizes my overseas orders, and steals my girl!"

His thoughts strayed a little wistfully to Mary-Ellen. There was but one thing in the world, perhaps, that he liked better than flying and that was kissing Mary-Ellen. She had the warmest mouth, the whitest teeth, and the sweetest breath—like sweet clover. She was small and round-limbed and she had a way of looking up at you with her lips parted—oh, she was a darling!

Price and Carkeek had met her at the same time, when the squadron was invited to a dance at the Tampa Country Club.

Gale knew, somehow, that Carkeek had never kissed Mary-Ellen. He had a reverential attitude toward women, had the Deacon. A little awkward perhaps, but not shy. He made progress—like a steam roller.

He wondered a little uneasily what Mary-Ellen would do if Carkeek asked her to marry him. A uniform, a Florida moon, a haunting waltz made a set of circumstances calculated to have a powerful effect upon the heart of any young lady. Then, too, it might be the eve of his departure. Girls

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

TRAVEL SICKNESS UNNECESSARY

TRAVEL in Comfort—

The nausea, dizziness, faintness and stomach disorders caused by Sea, Train, Auto or Air travel are quickly stopped or prevented by—

Mothersill's

Thru its use you can journey anywhere, in any form of conveyance, without suffering the slightest distress.

MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY

Invalids, children and those in delicate health, can safely take it, as we guarantee that it does not contain cocaine, morphine, opium, chloral, acetanilid or their derivatives. Let "Mothersill's" be the means of making your next trip pleasant and comfortable.

25 Years in use

Endorsed and recommended by many famous travelers and by leading transportation and steamship companies thruout the World.

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The Exclusive Gabriel Superiorities

A—4½ coils—the patented and exclusive Gabriel construction—give 180 square inches of friction surface and up to 450 pounds of braking action, *and* the free play needed with balloon tires.

B—The spring which keeps the multiple coils in friction.

C and **D**—Base casting and floating casting.

Put on Gabriel Snubbers before you start your tour, and the condition of the roads and detours ahead will make little difference to you. For Gabriels are guaranteed to give greater riding comfort, regardless of the road, and they also insure greater economy

37 manufacturers equip with Gabriels

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3100 Gabriel Stations sell Gabriel Snubbers on a 30-day money-back guarantee

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Send me the information checked
- ☐ Analysis of the Balloon Tire Problem.
- ☐ How to save upkeep expense on your car.
- ☐ What your Ford needs.

My car is_____
Name and Year

Write name and address in margin, tear out and mail corner of page.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

did unaccountable things at such moments, a truth to which Gale, having figured in many a sweet parting, was fully alive.

And Mary-Ellen was so impulsive. The Deacon might carry her off while Price languished in the guardroom. Good God!

Gale wondered if the Deacon, in betraying the crap-shooters, were driven by a passion for righteousness. He had come to the Air Service from a theological seminary, it was true. Gale began to suspect, for the first time, that Carkeek's virtuous exterior masked a fierce and bitter vindictiveness.

You wouldn't think a brother officer, a fellow flyer, would run to headquarters to report a dice game, would you? Still, Price reflected, everything was fair in love and war, wasn't it? Yes, everything was fair in love and war.

DURING the long, bright days that followed, Price had much time to meditate. Isolated in a tiny frame structure at the extreme end of the field, he made out his reports, inspected his details, wound through leaden-footed routine.

Overhead sounded the incessant droning of rotary motors. The brisk crackle of the Marlin machine guns practicing away at the silhouettes, tow targets, and falling parachutes, came faintly to his ears.

His feet itched for the rudder bar, his hands yearned for the joystick, his heart cried for the upper air—and he sat in the guardroom making out reports. For Gale Price things had come to a sad pass indeed.

Here was the pilot whose instructor had sent him up to solo in three hours. Here was the boy who had given his stunt instructor syncope by essaying a tail slide, a whip stall, and an upside-down spin the first time he was loose on the acrobatic field.

Because he flew so beautifully they made him an instructor and held him at Rockwell Field at San Diego where he trained. Whereupon he smashed three ships in such a resolute order they were glad to transfer him.

Lest his superior officers at succeeding fields make the same mistake, he took steps to persuade them at the outset that he was quite unsuited to the sober duties of teaching. At Payne Field in Mississippi, for instance, he gravely led a practice squadron of seven planes on their first formation flight miles away from the field and clear out of the State. They ran out of gas and landed in various parts of Georgia. Carkeek, I believe, was Number Two in that celebrated formation. He never forgave Price for that. They were a week getting back to the field, but all was forgiven, practically, when Price explained to the officer in command about his compass—his compass had gone wrong, you see.

He was not unknown in Mississippi; he had, on occasion, described vertical banks about the steeple of the First M. E. Church in Aberdeen; he had flown on his back down the main street of Columbus; and he had taken the belle of Starkville, as soft a speaking Southern gal as you'd ever listened to, for the ride of her life.

He had, I am persuaded, fastened more silver wings upon more fluttering bosoms than any man in the Air Service. His crossed-wing-and-propeller collar insignia secretly adorned silk shifts in Coronado, Dallas, New Orleans, and Fort Meyer. There is at this moment (eight years later) many a maiden in outlying Southern hamlets, I dare say, who treasures a link bracelet with a silver identification tag and who, when she fingers it—though she be married now and have three bouncing babies—becomes dreamy eyed in fond recollection of a certain forced landing.

THE Adjutant was standing in the doorway, pad in hand, pencil cocked. "Names?" he inquired ever so politely.

As for his prowess with the dice: He was descending in the elevator of the Palm Hotel in Tampa one week-end when he abstractedly clicked a pair of dice in his pocket. The colored elevator boy, ears alert, stopped the car between the fifth and sixth floors and an epic contest ensued. Virginius, who was by way of being a virtuoso with the leaping cubes, hazarded some $3.92 in the venture, and lost.

"Lootenant, you shuah dextrous. Dass all ah got."

This condition established, the car resumed its journey to the ground floor. The fact that Virginius had his cap on backward—he usually reversed it under the stress of a crap game—took much away from the dignity of his explanation to the manager, the assistant manager, and a lobbyful of clamorous guests, that the cage had stuck.

THE theory had been advanced at times that Gale Price was a little mad. He is reported to have said, in reply to this charge, that he thought you had to be a little mad to be a successful flyer.

Mad or not, when a British or French aircraft delegation turned up at the field, it was Price who was sent up to demonstrate for the edification of the visiting dignitaries what American-trained pilots could do.

These, in brief, are the exploits of Lieutenant Gale Price up to the time we find him fallen to his low estate as officer of the guard. It ought to be pointed out, I suppose, that his feud with Carkeek was an old one. It had endured through four flying fields and had run from coast to coast. It had begun at ground school at Berkeley when Price was a rear-rank member of the squad of which Carkeek was corporal.

Carkeek regarded his corporalcy in the light of a sacred trust. Far from shielding the luckless members of his squad, as some of the less noble-minded non-coms did, he was hot to report any defection. He was the author of many a black mark against Price's name in those days, for Price experienced considerable trouble with the regulations.

Price endeared himself to the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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is your "Insurance" that you can enjoy all Summer sports without fear if the effect of the sun, wind or water. The subtle film of alluring Beauty which Gouraud's Oriental Cream renders, fully preserves and protects your skin and complexion against all weather conditions. Far superior to Powders, Creams or Lotions for not only preventing but relieving Sunburn and Tan. Made in White, Flesh and Rachel, also in Compacts.

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Our interesting booklet "For Any Trip" sent on request.

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[THE MAD PILOT
Continued from Page Thirty-three]

squadron early by whistling Yankee Doodle in perfect time to the steps of a visiting Colonel who was reviewing the battalion under the most impressive circumstances: a feat which threw the troops into a state of suppressed convulsion and the Colonel into a very grave condition indeed. Though never identified, Price was suspected, since it was discovered he could whistle without altering the seraphic expression of his face.

BUT to return to Endor Field. The quarantine was raised, as expected, during the week. On Saturday, the day of the ball, and after he had served a sentence of a week on the guard, Lieutenant Gale Price, A. S., U. S. A., was restored to flying duty.

Walking past No. 4 hangar on his way to the barracks he was astonished to see what had been done. The planes had been rolled out, a dance floor laid, and the girders festooned with streamers of live-oak and strings of colored lanterns. An orchestra stand, banked with baby pine trees, stood in the center.

Tonight No. 4 hangar would be a fragrant, dim-lit cavern, filled with music and swaying figures. Oh, Mary-Ellen——

Hurrying on, he observed knots of young ladies, early arrivals from Jacksonville and Tampa and St. Petersburg probably, being squired about the field by all-wise young aviators.

He found Carkeek in the barracks and immediately approached him.

"I hear that you're bringing Miss Church tonight?"

The Deacon eyed him stonily.

"That's right."

"I wonder if I might have a dance with her. I understand there are to be programs."

"Not a chance."

"But haven't you got one, or half a one—or something? Surely you've got something left, near the end?"

"Not for you."

"But Miss Church said I might have one——"

"I'm making out Miss Church's program."

In the thin lips, the pinched nostrils, the long face of the Deacon, Price read a fixed hostility.

"Well, thanks, anyway," he said, grinning genially.

WE welcomed Price back on the landing stage out in the field that afternoon.

"What? They ain't going to let you fly again, are they?"

"Catch any spies, Lieutenant?"

"Take 'er low an' slow for a while, boy, till you get back the ol' touch——"

To all of which bum humor Price responded with his famous grin.

Now, as for what happened on the field that afternoon, I can't tell you exactly how the business was brought about. Price had a lot of friends among the instructors—they all admired a good flyer—and it's possible that they had something to do with it. Maybe it was just a coincidence. Maybe Price, in his innocent way, engineered it all himself.

The first we knew of it was when we heard the flight sergeant assign the ships:

"Carkeek?"

"Here."

"Twenty-seven."

"Price?"

"Yoh."

"Fifty-four."

They were sending Price up for practice combat against the Deacon! "Give 'im hell, boy."

The Deacon took off first. He taxied cautiously out from the deadline, headed into the wind, and came to a full stop. He adjusted his goggles, craned his neck on all sides to see that no one was coming down on him, opened up his throttle gingerly and started down the field. He rose steadily over the hangars, went into a gentle right-bank and began to climb in wide, slow circles. A conservative flyer, the Deacon.

"Acts like he's flyin' a Mack truck."

"A good bomber gone wrong——"

Certainly the Deacon lacked the dash of a chasse pilot. The spasmodic roar of a Le Rhone motor came from Number Fifty-four halfway down the deadline. Price was tuning up.

"Watch this take-off, son."

A MECHANIC jerked out the wheel chocks. The plane leaped out, turned on one wheel and one wing-skid, and raced down the field wide open. Tail up, nose down, the pilot held her wheels just off the ground, gathering terrific speed. When it seemed that he must drive right through the hangars, he stood the ship on its tail, shot five hundred feet into the air. He leveled off, banked steeply to the right, stuck her nose up and began to climb in short, swift circles — circles so tight that he seemed actually to spiral upward.

"Boy, lookit him climb 'at ship!"

There was considerable speculation afterward as to what Price had done to make his ship perform like that. Someone had it from a mechanic that Price, with the aid of a screwdriver, had widened his throttle range before he went up. If that were true, he was getting several hundred extra revolutions a minute out of his propeller. But he was also taking a chance of losing it entirely and of sprinkling cylinders all over the landscape, for it is not safe to give a rotary motor more gas than it is built to take.

Another theory was that he had mixed a judicial quantity of picric acid with his petrol. This would, of course, add a wicked wallop to the explosive quality of the gas and, unless you blew off a few cylinder heads, would inspire a burst of speed.

I doubt if either story was true. Gale Price could make a single-seater speed scout perform as few pilots could. He had a marvelous pair of hands, he was highly sensitized to the controls, and if his ship appeared so much faster than the Deacon's it was due solely and entirely to his superb piloting.

From the stand we could see Price, though he had taken off later, cruising about impatiently overhead waiting for the Deacon. He kept his plane between Carkeek's and the sun so that Carkeek, searching the skies for his enemy, couldn't spot him.

WHEN Carkeek reached five thousand feet, the minimum altitude allowed for aerial combat, Price made his first attack. He came down like a meteor and he came down shooting. Both planes, mind you, were armed with camera guns. You didn't put a bullet in your adversary; you took his picture. The camera guns were shaped, fixed, and operated like Marlins. Once you lined up your opponent in the ring sights you pressed the trigger and subjected him to a burst of—exposures. The reels, developed in the laboratory later, gave the instructors an account of the battle and a record of the marksmanship.

Price, having riddled his opponent, did an odd thing. Instead of pulling up, he dived directly in front of Carkeek's plane. That was the Deacon's first intimation of his presence. Price missed him by a whisker and the Deacon, startled and caught full in his propeller wash, capsized and fell into a spin. When he recovered, Price was coming at him, full tilt.

For a moment it seemed that they must meet head on. Each held to his course, but, watching through the binoculars, we saw that it was Carkeek who swerved off.

The course of the combat was determined in that brief second. From then on there was no doubt as to which plane would make way first.

And from that moment Price flew as though the responsibility of getting out of the way rested entirely with the Deacon.

The Deacon, so it appeared to us below, instead of engaging his opponent in combat, addressed himself to the task of keeping out of Price's path, no mean feat since Price was on top of him every minute. The hawk and the heron.

It was a little comical to see the Deacon twisting away, up there, but I'm not sure that there was a pilot on the field who would have stuck to his course if Price flew straight at him. You see, it was said—and believed by some—that Price was a little mad.

Time and time again Price cut so close it seemed he must snick the tail off Carkeek's plane with his propeller blade. The loss of his elevators meant a five-thousand-foot drop to the earth and the Deacon flew as if he were quite alive to the possibility. He switched about like an old lady with a bee in her bustle.

— and you know how girls are when you're going away.

"Look, he's driving him away from the field!"

Now anyone who knows anything about planes and pilots knows that one airplane armed only with a camera gun cannot drive or force down another plane unless the pilot of the second plane has the fear of God in his heart and dares not turn aside lest he be run into.

Yet Price, harrying his opponent like a winged fury, was steadily working him off to the east and driving him closer to the ground. The Deacon made one or two furtive efforts to head into the field and each time Price cut him off. Pretty soon they were out of gliding distance and we couldn't make them out at all.

Three-quarters of an hour later a lone plane appeared on the eastern horizon and spiraled down into the field with a dead stick, out of gas. By Jove, he just made it!

A couple of mechanics ran out and wheeled it in; it was Number Fifty-four.

When Price reported back to the stand, Graves, the flight commander, met him at the top of the steps and asked:

"Where's Carkeek?"

"Why," said Price, an expression of profound concern upon his guileless countenance, "he's down in a swamp about twelve miles east."

"Crashed?"

"No. Just turned up on his nose."

"Why'd he come down?"

Price shrugged his shoulders. "Looked like he went down to pick a waterlily," he suggested hopefully.

A cross-country pilot came up just then to report a plane down in Cypress Swamp. The nose of the ship was buried in the mud, he said, and the tail was sticking up at an angle of about forty-five degrees. The pilot was astride the tail. Unhurt, he thought, because he waved. Going to be a tough job to get to him, all right. That muck and slime and water and everything.

At three the wrecking crew set out in a truck for Cypress Swamp. At dark they were back to report that they had found the plane all right, but that you couldn't get within a mile of it on account of the slough.

No chance of getting the truck through that stuff. The thing was to get the pilot. If it was him, the corporal declared stoutly, he'd pick his way outa that swamp in no time. But the lootenant evidently figgered he'd stay until somebody got him out. Probably didn't like the idear of snakes or som'p'n.

CYPRESS SWAMP was reputed to contain more kinds of reptiles than any other stretch of land of its size in the country. Water moccasins, alligators, turtles, copperheads, and many other nameless horrors were reported to lurk in its mysterious depths. I believe that nothing could have persuaded the Deacon, who enjoyed a personal distaste for that particular form of wild life, to set foot in the green scum of Cypress Swamp, except, possibly, starvation. As a matter of fact, it required a twenty-four-hour engineering feat to rescue the Deacon.

At eight-thirty that evening, Lieutenant Gale Price, A. S., U. S. A., appeared at the Officers' Club, which had been turned over to the feminine guests for the evening,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Does the digestive aid you use interfere with digestion?

GASTROGEN Tablets never do. They promptly stop "heartburn" and counteract hyper-acidity. But, from that point on, they are different in their action from alkalies such as bicarbonate of soda, or preparations containing it.

Soda bicarbonate, which is usually taken, often goes too far. It will relieve acidity, but the correct amount to take is hard to know, and so it generally leaves the stomach with an alkaline residue, which interferes with normal digestion.

For the stomach, as you know, must be slightly acid (1-5 of one per cent) to leave the digestive juices free to perform their task without interference from the digestive remedy you take.

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When you take Gastrogen Tablets they relieve promptly the hyper-acidity from which the stomach is suffering. But there they stop. They leave the stomach "in neutral"—so that the slight acid balance necessary to good digestion can be quickly restored by nature.

No matter how many Gastrogen Tablets you eat they cannot leave the stomach alkalinized, for when they have corrected hyper-acidity, they pass on unchanged.

Gastrogen Tablets are pleasant to taste and excellent for sweetening the breath. And they do relieve digestive distress with gratifying promptness and safety.

Your druggist has them in handy pocket-tins of 15 tablets for 20c; also in cabinet-size bottles of 60 tablets for 60c. If you want to try them before you buy them, send the coupon for free introductory packet of six tablets.

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Without charge or obligation on my part, send me your special introductory packet of 6 Gastrogen Tablets.

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To the man who is 35 *and* DISSATISFIED

WE DELIBERATELY pass over a large proportion of the readers of Liberty in order to address this page directly to *men in their thirties*.

There is a powerful reason for this.

The dissatisfied man of twenty-five is not usually in a difficult position. He has few responsibilities; he can move easily; he can take a chance.

But from thirty-five to forty is the age of crisis. In these years a man either marks out the course which leads to definite advancement or settles into permanent unhappiness. There are thousands who see the years passing with a feeling close to desperation.

They say

"I must make more money," but they have no plan for making more.

"There is no future for me," but they see no other opening.

"I am managing to scrape along now, but how in the world will I ever educate my children?"

To men whose minds are constantly—and often almost hopelessly—at work on such thoughts, this page is addressed. It is devoid of rhetoric. It is plain, blunt common sense.

Let us get one thing straight at the very start—

We do not want you unless you want us

There is the dissatisfied man who will *do* something, and the one who won't. We feel sorry for the latter, but we cannot afford to enrol him. We have a reputation for training men who—as a result of our training—earn large salaries and hold responsible positions. That reputation must be maintained. We can do much, but we cannot *make* a man succeed who will not help himself. So rest assured you will not be unduly *urged* into anything.

Now what can happen to

A dissatisfied man who acts?

We wish we could answer that question by letting you read the letters that come to us in every mail. Here is one, for example—from Victor F. Stine of Hagerstown, Md. "I was floundering around without a definite goal," he says. "and was seriously considering a Civil Service appointment." (You can tell from that how hopeless he was. A Civil Service appointment means a few thousand dollars a year *for life*.)

"The study of the Course and Service was not a hardship," he continues, "rather it was a real pleasure because it is so practical and inspiring thruout." (The *method* of the Course makes it practical and inspiring. We teach business not alone thru study but thru *practice*. You learn executive thinking by meeting executive problems and making executive decisions.) "Added self-confidence and increased vision gained from the Course," says Mr. Stine, "enabled me to accept and discharge added responsibilities successfully."

He is Secretary now of the organization in which he was then a dissatisfied cog.

"Forging Ahead in Business"

For a man like Mr. Stine we can achieve really great results. By learning, thru the Modern Business Course and Service, the necessary fundamental facts of *all departments* of business, he insures his success. His judgment, his value, increase. The closed roads open. The worries disappear.

We attach a coupon to this advertisement. It is a little thing, but our experience proves that it separates out of every hundred readers the few who can act. If you are one of these let us mail you that wonderful little book, "Forging Ahead in Business." For thousands it has turned dissatisfaction into immediate progress.

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Send me at once the booklet, "Forging Ahead in Business," which I may keep without obligation.

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[THE MAD PILOT Continued from Page Thirty-five]

presented his compliments to Miss Mary-Ellen Church, explained the unfortunate mischance which would prevent Lieutenant Carkeek from attending the ball, and inquired if he (Price) might not operate as a pinch hitter for the occasion. An arrangement to which Miss Mary-Ellen Church of Tampa, Florida, graciously assented.

On assuming the dance program drafted by the absent Lieutenant Carkeek and discovering that he had reserved a generous proportion of Miss Church's dances for himself, Lieutenant Price was content. Quite content.

In fact, if you had seen him as I did, standing under the shaded lights in one corner of the hangar during an intermission, gazing down into the uptilted face of a girl in a silver dress who looked at him with rapturous eyes and with lips half open, you might have suspected that he was in a very blissful state indeed.

Ro-ses are bloom-ing in Pic-ar-dy
In the hush of the sil-ver-y dew——

There were moments when the couple was unaccountably missing from the floor, but I dare say that those moments were put to the very best use. I doubt if even the busy bee could have improved his shining moments to better purpose than did Lieutenant Gale Price, Air Service, U. S. Army. I observed that the V of Mary-Ellen's gown was caught together with a pair of silver wings that certainly hadn't been there at the start of the evening.

The squadron had got its orders for Hoboken that day—and you know how girls are when you're going away.

Roses are flow'ring in Pic-ar-dy,
But there's ne'er a rose like you.

"No," he was explaining to Mary-Ellen as we danced past. "I don't wish him any bad luck. I did think it was a little unfriendly of him to get me set on the ground and I did figger a little on how I'd make him smart for it. But not any more. Nope," he sighed, "I guess the mosquitoes'll take care of that for me."

He led her out under the moon for the third time.

THE END

FISH KELLY'S uncle's money was the cause of all the trouble. Uncle Kelly appeared one day out of nowhere, much in the manner of Huck Finn's father, and constituted himself a permanent house guest of the Kellys—Fish and Macedonia. With him came his appetite, his idiot son, and his idiot son's appetite. Lest that combination be not sufficient to discredit plain black Fish in the eyes of his high-yaller wife's relatives, fate added a touch of genius to the job. After Sunday dinner Uncle Kelly lay down upon the parlor sofa and died. And he left his money behind him, sticking out of his idiot son's pocket. Now you are ready to read "Come Seven, Come High Yaller," a piece of rare, real humor and a good yarn to boot, by Robert MacBlair. Look for it in next week's LIBERTY.

NEW

The Agrippa Web

Boston Garter

Is made as a garter should be made. Has three exclusive features, and is sold everywhere at 50 cents the pair.

1. NO METAL on face of pad to pull it out of shape—lies flat against the leg.
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For sports wear ask for the Knicker Boston

How did your garters look this morning?

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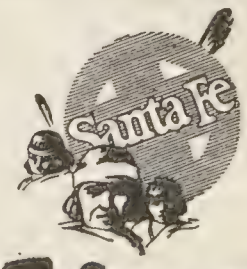

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Am planning a trip to..... this summer and would be glad to receive detailed information about the Indian-detour.

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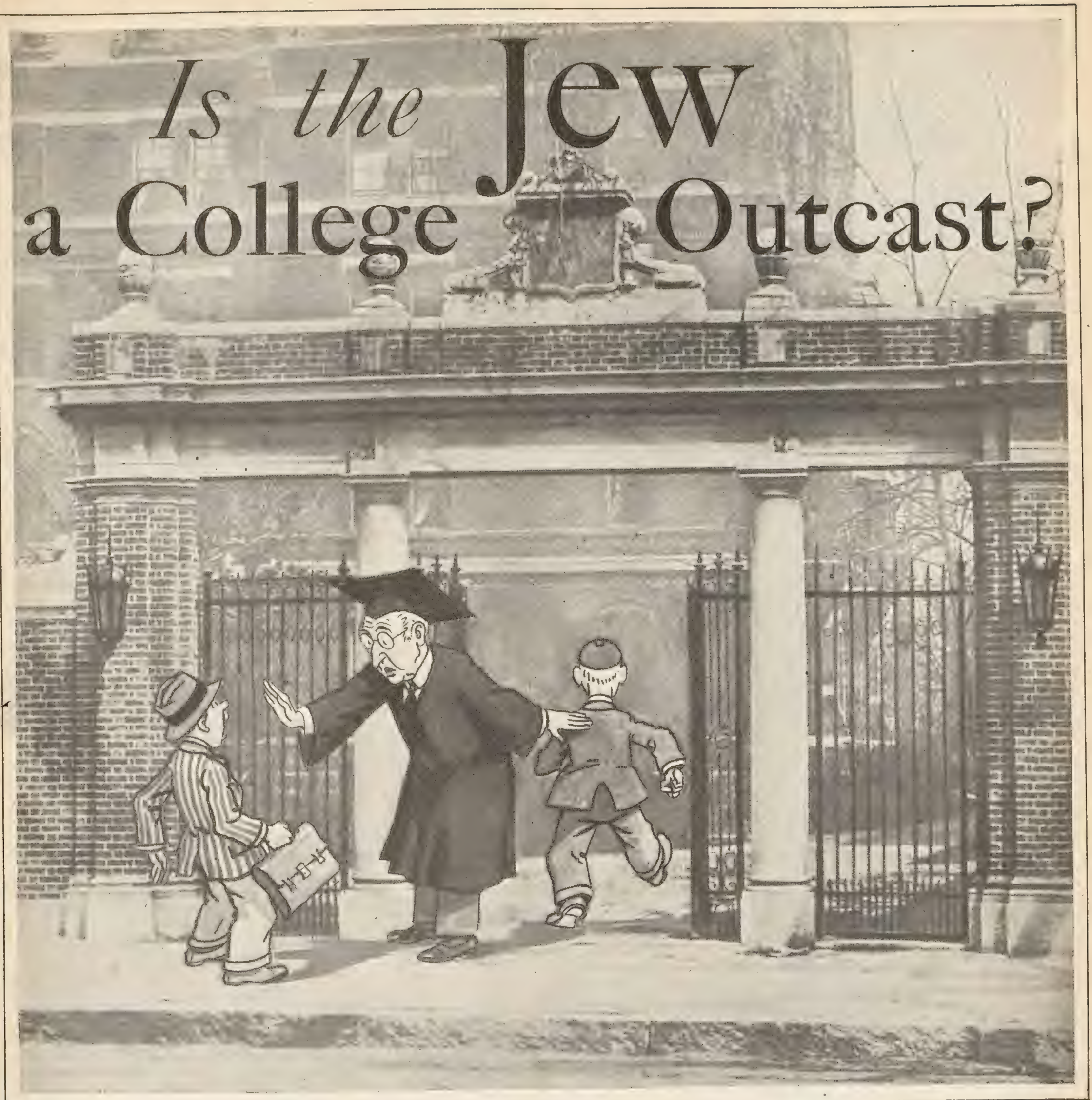
Is the Jew a College Outcast?



A Report on the Much Discussed Attitude of the Universities Toward the Hebrew

By NORMAN S. HALL

"THE Jew is a solitary figure on the campuses of America. Colleges accept a few of his race because they must offer the public some more concrete evidence of the democracy of the United States than an occasional reference to the Declaration of Independence and the Gettysburg Address during commencement exercises. Some win a kind of popularity, but in the main the Jew at college stands alone. I know, because I have been one of those solitary figures. I am a Jew."

The man who told me that graduated from one of the largest universities in the East a short time before America entered the World War. His record as an officer in that conflict would be remarkably splendid even had it been achieved by a regular army officer. Today he is one of the outstanding younger manipulators of international finance, one of the finest amateur swordsmen in America, and a wizard on the polo field. He would not permit me to use his name with the quoted statement because, "It would do no good," he said. "If it would help in any way I'd gladly

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY]

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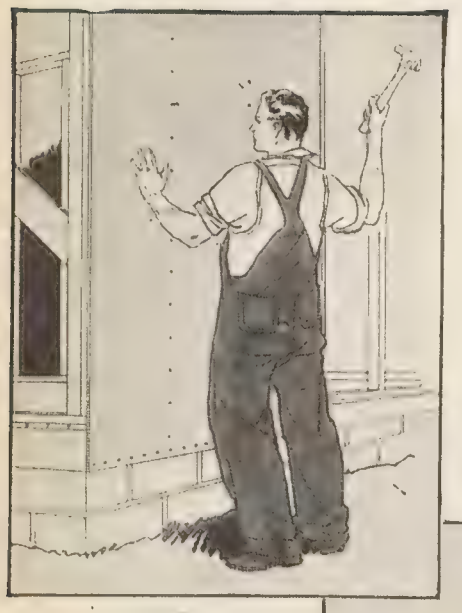

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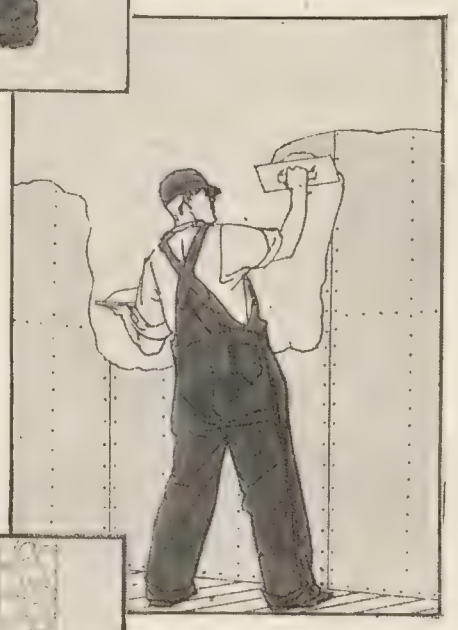
Celotex supplies the insulation needed back of brick, wood or stucco exteriors. Here it replaces the rough boards formerly used, gives greater strength to the house walls and makes building paper unnecessary.



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AN amazing heat-stopping lumber now makes possible wholly new comforts and economies for *every* home.

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The properties of five other materials are combined in Celotex. Properties that add to the value and comfort of any home. It gives you the advantages of wood sheathing . . . building paper . . . lath . . . deadening felt . . . and insulation. All in one product.

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fortable. And year after year, Celotex will save from 25% to 35% of your fuel bill!

NEW COMFORT *for old homes.* In houses already built, a big measure of this comfort and economy is being secured by lining attics and basements with Celotex. That helps a lot and costs but little. There are dozens of other places where Celotex is the ideal material for building and remodeling.

Look Ahead! Now that Celotex has made insulation practical, heat-leaking houses are a poor investment. The authorities say such houses are becoming obsolete; harder to sell, rent or borrow money on.

Ask your architect, contractor or lumber dealer to tell you more about Celotex. Leaders in these lines advise its use. All lumber dealers can supply it.

Meanwhile, send for the free Celotex Building Book. It explains fully this great improvement in building. Just mail the coupon at right.

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FOR OLD HOUSES
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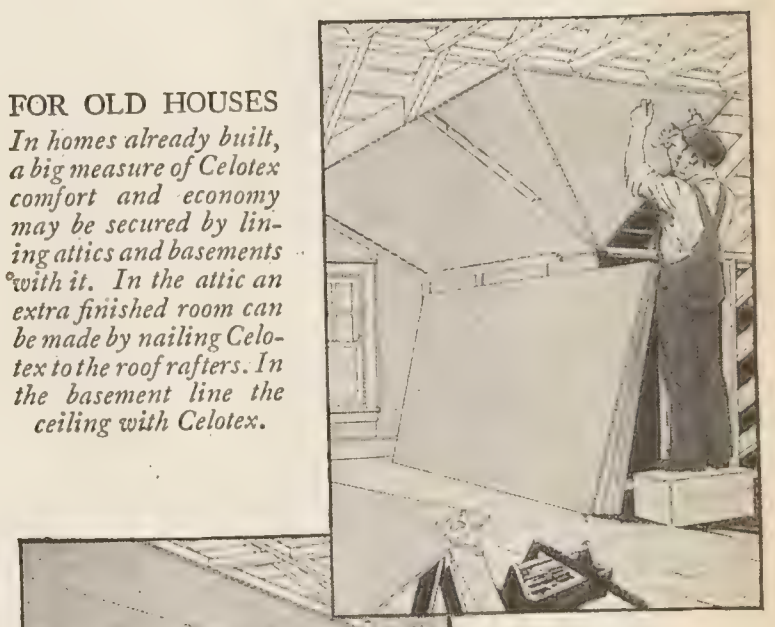

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It combines in one tire, long mileage, safety, easy steering, and the easy riding qualities of low air pressure construction.

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

let you billboard it across the country. But the only result would be a smug, 'I told you so,' from some of my fellow classmen who once blackballed me in a few clubs."

"But do all Jews feel as you do?" I asked.

"I think so," he replied. "We all are sensitive to race prejudice, particularly those of us who have met it at college."

Peter Wiernik.

To obtain the opinions of those who stood closer to the great body of Jews in New York, I went to Meyer Block, who, although not a college graduate, is one of the leading Jewish newspaper men in New York and knows the Jewish section as few men know their own living-rooms.

To my question on discrimination, he replied: "Of course colleges discriminate. They always will while successful Jews turn away from those less fortunate."

I believe I can illustrate what he meant. During the conversation I spoke of an appointment I had with Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, of the Free Synagogue of New York City. At mention of the Jewish orator's name, a gray-beard sitting at a desk adjoining Mr. Block's interrupted.

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Meyer Block.

"Not Rabbi Wise," he said. "Dr. Wise."

"But he is a rabbi," I expostulated.

The gray beard parted in a tolerant smile.

"Yes," rumbled through it, "he is a rabbi, but he would rather you called him doctor. He can tell you what Stephen S. Wise thinks of this matter, but he cannot tell you what the vast body of Jews yearning for education think. He has grown away from them."

What Dr. Wise might have replied to this, I could not learn, for he canceled the appointment at which we were to have discussed the question.

AT Mr. Block's suggestion I sought Peter Wiernik, considered the dean of Jewish editors in America. He is editorial head of the New York *Jewish Morning Journal* and a Hebraic scholar of world-wide prominence.

I found Peter Wiernik in a tenement flat on East Broadway. He sat at a great old desk in his study—a room lined with books from floor to ceiling. We talked commonplaces before I put my question:

"Do American colleges discriminate against Jews?"

He turned his shaggy gray head toward me.

"Yes," he responded simply.

He then spoke of his own youth and the difficulties he was forced to surmount in his quest of learning. He talked of old imperial Russia, which denied education to all but a few of its Jewish subjects, and broke up the meetings of those few with knout and saber.

He had run screaming for shelter from the flying hoofs of Cossack ponies with the lash of the whip singing about his ears. He knows the bitter taste of sacrifice and suffering.

"ALL his persecutions have made the Jew suspicious," he said. "Because of the real and very unjust discriminations of Russia in the past, and of other countries in Eastern and Central Europe at the present time, the immigrant Jew is very sensitive on any approach to the subject of limiting the entrance to universities.

"It is wrong to say that the proportion of Jews in colleges ought not to exceed the proportion of Jews in the general population. Higher education is valuable only to those who seek it, and its benefits ought to be distributed on the basis of the number of those who apply for them.

"If the proportion of Jews who seek a college education is greater than that of other groups, it is because they are born of parents who were denied learning in the Old World.

"They would be glad if admittance were solely on the basis of scholastic merit, without racial distinction. But when crowded conditions compel colleges to refuse admission to many who are qualified, and Jews find that rejections are proportionately very much larger for them than for other applicants, friction and irritation are unavoidable."

This expresses the attitude of nearly all Jews who speak or write on the subject. They admit overcrowding and a surplus of applicants, but say that these conditions are used as mantles to cloak the actual fact of Jewish exclusion.

Henry Pennypacker.

Adolph Lewisohn, the New York banker, for example, declares his two grandsons have been barred from one of the largest universities in the East because they are Jews.

Discrimination is accomplished, say the Jews, by close scrutiny of the embryo college man's antecedents and subtle requirements imposed by committees on admissions. These accusations are directed mainly at Harvard, Yale, and Princeton and, because of Harvard's recent decision to alter its methods of sifting candidates

for admission, are particularly leveled at Harvard.

Gustavus A. Rogers, a prominent New York attorney, is only one of many Jews who charge Harvard with influencing the heads of preparatory schools in their selection of quotas. He declares the minor school authorities are instructed to make quotas without Jews, thus simplifying the problem for the university. This the university heads indignantly deny.

BUT the Jew is a problem at Harvard. That is apparent to even the casual observer who seeks information from college officials. Upon arriving at Cambridge I sought an interview with President A. Lawrence Lowell. Would Doctor Lowell permit me to present some letters of introduction from influential Harvard graduates and would he discuss with me the Jewish situation at Harvard? Dr. Lowell would not!

It was to a group of upper classmen in the *Harvard Crimson* office that I next put my question on discrimination against the Jews. For a perceptible passage of time there was silence. Then someone crossed the room and closed the door into the corridor. Whenever that door opened during the ensuing discussion, conversation ceased. We were not plotters, but those who entered must have looked upon us as such.

President Lowell of Harvard, watching a Yale-Harvard track meet.

I believe I am being entirely fair when I say that the consensus of that group is that a certain amount of discrimination exists and that it is justified.

The discussion turned to the commuting student. Day scholars are not popular at Harvard. It is said of them that they place a purely commercial value upon their associations within the university, that they take no part in college activities, and abuse privileges their tuition fee entitles them to. In speaking of them one student said:

"If you mean does Harvard discriminate against that type of Jew—and the commuters are largely Jews—I'd say yes, and that we ought to. They clutter up the library, use it as a lunchroom, and have been known to steal books from it. They should be excluded."

I heard many other comments in like vein, but none were forthcoming until after I had assured the speakers that their names would not be published. Even the Jews declined to bolster their views with their names. One—not a commuting student—declared the Jews were discriminated against and, because they were, did not care to attract attention to themselves. Asked why this discrimination existed, he said he believed it was because the Jew is a superior scholar.

Among the Gentile students, I found some who denied all discrimination. One upper classman, a prominent final-club man, said he was conscious of no Jewish problem and believed they were generally accepted about the Yard. He qualified this somewhat by adding:

"Of course, there are certain fine distinctions within the student body. These should be admitted and are generally understood. If a Jew is considered for admission to a purely social club, he will be scrutinized twice, just as he is in outside social organizations where Gentiles are in the majority."

Frederick V. Field, president of the *Harvard Crimson*, and thoroughly familiar with the sentiment among his fellow undergraduates, had this to say:

"I SINCERELY hope Harvard will never make a wholesale restriction of the Jews or of any other particular group. As a representative national university, Harvard should include men of all types as long as they fulfill its entrance requirements.

"It would not be good for the percentage of Jews to be so great that this race dominated Harvard, any more than it would be good for the university to be dominated by any other group not basically American."

Other undergraduates told me that they believed the new admission plan, which judges applicants according to "character, personality, and promise, as well as to scholarly attainments," was primarily directed against what was rapidly becoming a Jewish invasion of the institution. Yet these spokesmen would admit no Jewish problem from the student's point of view.

Henry Pennypacker, chairman of the Committee on Admissions, denied there had been any intention to discriminate against Jews when the new plan was drawn, but volunteered that there probably was a slight Jewish problem among the undergraduates.

I listened to many such conflicting statements, but mainly encountered a reticence on the subject. Mr. Pennypacker, however, went into the matter at length.

"What is a Jew?" he asked, and then answered his own query:

"The Semite from Spain is in no way the same type as the one from, say, Russia; nor does the English Jew resemble in habits and characteristics the Jew from Poland. Harvard discriminates against no race or creed, and any such charge is not supported by the facts."

"Then why is the new admissions plan criticized?" I asked.

He explained that the provision quoted above was the one that had stirred the comment. The entire paragraph reads as follows:

> Candidates should bear in mind that in all admissions to the university, regard is given to character, personality, and promise, as well as to scholarly attainments. Satisfactory showing in one of these qualifications alone is not in itself sufficient to guarantee admission.

"Let us suppose," I said, "that there is one vacancy at Harvard. For that vacancy you are considering two candidates, one a Christian, the other a Jew. They possess equal scholastic ability and have met the other requirements for admission. Which one will be admitted?"

"No mortal man," replied Mr. Pennypacker, "can tell you that. But the case would be decided solely on its merits, you may rely on that."

THEN Mr. Pennypacker went on to explain the Harvard committee's point of view. His statement is significant, because, while it repudiates racial discrimination as a general principle, it shows how certain aspects of the race question *do play a part* in the selection of students for the university.

"Each individual," he said, "is judged on his own merits and his whole record. The whole record does include evidences of the candidate's personality and promise, his fitness to give the most to Harvard and to derive the most from what Harvard has to offer. Traits of character which tend to prevent a boy from becoming a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-ONE]

part of our great fellowship of Harvard will be weighed.

"Among these traits may be extreme racial characteristics. Race is a part of the record. It is by no means the whole record and no man will be kept out on grounds of race; but those racial characteristics that make for race isolation will, if they are borne by the individual, be taken into consideration as a part of that individual's characteristics, under the test of character, personality, and promise."

IN the concrete interpretation of Mr. Pennypacker's statement, then, Harvard places the responsibility upon the individual Jew. The mere fact that he is a Jew will make no difference, but if his racial characteristics are "extreme," this fact will play a part in determining his fitness.

When I quoted the Jewish student's remark on the superiority of the Jew as a scholar, Mr. Pennypacker replied:

"The Jew is not a superior scholar — that is, he is not equipped with superior mentality. To be sure, his marks usually are high and his scholastic record excellent, but this is due to a condition within the Jew. Ages of persecution have made him quick to avail himself of opportunity. Denial has sharpened his ambition. He is willing to make little sacrifices that the average student, without the peculiar background of the Jew, does not care to make, frequently is not aware of."

The Harvard seal.

Mr. Pennypacker is certain that there always have been popular Jews at Harvard and emphasized this by saying that if one were to poll his class (the class of '88), one would find that the most beloved member is a Jew.

Yale regards its Jewish situation with less of surface turmoil than appeared at Harvard. Such officials as consented to hear my questions informed me that race and creed did not enter into the requirements for admission, then smilingly terminated the interview.

As at Harvard, I easily found ample statistics on the number of Bolivians, Chinese, Hollanders, etc., enrolled, but none to indicate the percentage of Jews in the student body. One official of the *Yale News*, who declined to be identified with the statement, said the undergraduate body was technically limited to a 12 per cent quota of Jews, but added that the number actually enrolled exceeded this figure.

He said that Jews do not play a prominent part in college activities. "You see a lot of them the first year, when you don't know what it's all about," he said, "but after that they drop out of sight." He held that their withdrawal unto themselves was due to the attitude of the non-Jewish students.

Few Jews enter Princeton, but the Jew is not barred there, according to university executives. Dean Radcliffe Heermance, director of admissions, when asked the university's attitude toward the Jew, replied:

"No different than our attitude toward any other candidate for admission. We cannot admit all who come to us. Next year our freshman class will number about six hundred and we now have more than fourteen hundred applications."

The Menorah Society is a Jewish educational alliance with large branches at Harvard and Yale. In these universities it is comparable to a Jewish fraternity and affords the Jews an opportunity to confine most of their associations to men of their own race. It is particularly active at Harvard.

Officials at both Harvard and Yale declared that Jewish students are unassimilable largely because of these Menorah Society branches, which, they say, tend to foster clannishness.

This the Jews deny. If they are unassimilable, they assert, it is because they are not permitted the free mingling accorded Gentile students and are forced out of college activities. The Jewish club, they say, came into being after discrimination, not before.

Some are of the opinion that a Jewish university would solve the entire problem, but to this there are many dissenting voices. Rabbi Louis I. Newman, himself a profound scholar and one of the outstanding figures in the New York rabbinate, is one of the strongest advocates of a college for Jews, but open to Gentiles as well.

"I propose a university," Rabbi Newman said, "the endowment of which would come principally from Jewish sources."

BUT the majority of Jewish opinion seems to be against him, holding that it would make for greater clannishness, and, in the end, make Jews less assimilable.

Peter Wiernik believes the general enlargement of educational facilities will in time care for the overflow of applicants, so there will be no occasion for discrimination.

"More State institutions," he told me; "perhaps a National University worthy of these United States; larger endowments for the existing independent universities, and the establishment of new ones of that nature, will solve the problem.

"It is not as Jews or as Gentiles, but as Americans, that we should look forward to the time when a college education will be within the reach of every boy and every girl who is properly equipped for it."

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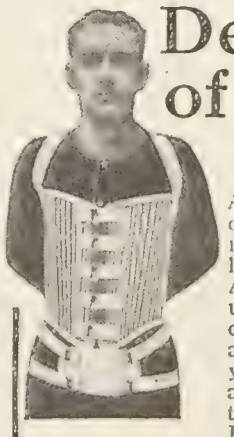

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(*Second Report*)

By JAMES G. JACKSON and GEORGE B. LONGAN

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES L. WARD, of Kansas City, are watching the dream home for their babies take shape in wood and brick. They have found that dreams are expensive, and have altered their first plans, looking far ahead to the time when some other family, whose ideas may not be the same, will want to buy the house.

By making adroit changes they have added to the sales value of their home without sacrificing the primary object. The speed with which their home is going up shows the value of careful advance planning.

IN planning a bungalow home for Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Ward, the thoughts of the Wards revolved mainly around the two Ward babies. The idea of this labor-saving, compact house, held to a single floor, was to afford Mrs. Ward all possible contact with her children in their formative, pre-school years.

But the Wards were quick to grasp the idea that no one, unless with unlimited purse, can afford to plan and build only for themselves. There are future occupants to be considered in planning almost any American home; and to the extent that the house is attractive to others, it becomes an investment as well as a home.

This was emphasized strongly by Miss Alice Walton, the architect, whom the Wards had commissioned to design and supervise the erection of the bungalow, to cost about $7,000, on a fifty-foot north front lot at 1817 West Fiftieth Street in Westwood Hills, a wooded, rolling residence area, given over to small homes and in many ways one of the most charming sections of Kansas City.

Thus it was that the first article delivered at the site of the projected bungalow was something for which Mr. and Mrs. Ward had not the slightest use: a driveway coal chute. Mrs. Ward abhors coal. The gas furnace with thermostatic control will not even call for a trip to the basement. But recognizing that a majority of families still burn coal, an investment of thirty-six dollars will make the basement accessible to a possible coal driver of some future year.

Two other important concessions had been made to this imaginary average family before the plans of the house finally were drafted. A breakfast nook in the kitchen, which Mrs. Ward first regarded as a quite adequate substitute for the formal dining-room, was enlarged into a breakfast-room of good size, made doubly attractive by French doors overlooking the rear lawn and garden.

The Ward home in an early stage of completion.

A coat closet was placed just off the entrance to the living-room in such a manner that it easily can be converted into a stair leading to the second floor should some future owner wish to develop one or more bedrooms and a bath in the second story.

As the excavation took shape, Miss Walton, the architect, was all smiles. The hard, red clay was the promise of a firm footing for the little bungalow. It would eliminate the necessity of placing drain tile around the outside of the foundation. Its rocklike hardness also would save the cost of foundation footings required in less firm soil.

As the Ward lot was high, it was necessary to haul the clay from the site to a low place a block away. This made the cost of excavating two and a fourth times the cost had the earth been left on the site. The charge was $185.

The first act of excavation was to scrape from the site of the house a coat of black earth about a foot thick. This was assembled in a pile for redressing when the front lawn was built.

How it will look when ready for the babies.

Stone masonry is an item of construction that usually gives Miss Walton much concern. In this instance she employed a man at $1.50 a perch (24¾ cubic feet). To get stone of a flat, even face that would give a perfect bearing surface Miss Walton and the stonemason drove three miles into the country, where the mason commended a quarry. The stone was contracted at $1.50 a perch, delivered. A splendid, even wall resulted.

The stone was laid in pure cement mortar, tempered slightly with lime to make it work easily. The inside of the wall was pointed up in a white mortar to lighten the basement, giving about the same effect as whitewash.

The stone cost $195; labor an equal sum. The stone wall was eighteen inches thick, save where an eight-inch hollow tile wall was substituted for a distance of twelve feet to gain ten inches of additional space for the living-room.

"This is a construction trick which often

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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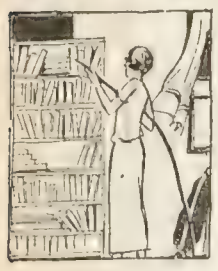

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[OWN YOUR HOME Continued from Page Forty-three]

comes in handy," Miss Walton explained to the Wards. "In a narrow closet valuable inches can be saved by turning the studding flatways. We will do that in several places, in line with our policy of making every inch count."

The tile brought an extra cost of nine dollars. That small sum represented the cost of an additional ten inches to the living-room.

Mr. Ward, who does not share his wife's scorn of the basement, was interested in the lighting, for the bungalow will nestle close to the earth. Light to the basement will be from two windows partly concealed by the large bay on the south of the house, by two windows on the east, and by light from a pair of large casements in the upper wall, directly lighting the stairs. The white painted basement walls reflect this light.

THE contract for furnishing carpenter labor and rough hardware was let for $1,100. Neither the carpenters nor other subcontractors were placed under bonds, as the bonds would have added materially to the cost. Instead subcontractors were employed who were known to Miss Walton as reliable.

"The custom of employing subcontractors who will submit the lowest bids is a bad one," Miss Walton commented. "Usually such men bid too low. To save themselves loss they will resort to various exasperating and injurious subterfuges."

While the foundations were being put in, heavy concrete footings were laid for the flue and for the iron columns to support the steel girders that carry the floors. The pier footings were three feet square and a foot deep. The chimney footing was six inches wider all around than the chimney and also a foot thick. This is intended to prevent plaster cracks. An additional precaution will consist of covering the flue with metal lath for the reception of plaster.

As soon as the foundation was finished, carpenters laid and leveled the "plate;" a wide timber to support the joists on the wall. When the foundation had set three days, carpenters started on the frame. Here the progress was visual and gratifying. The house seemed almost at once to take form, the wall arose, the rough flooring was laid, heavy ceiling beams were put in place and the rafters raised.

Upon concrete footings in the basement, three iron posts were supports for three steel beams. One beam, on two posts, extended the length of the house, the other cross beams connecting between the longer beam and the foundations. The bill from the steel company, $54.15, also included an angle to support the brick over the fireplace opening. Floor joists used were two by ten, sixteen inches on centers. The ceiling joists were two by eight.

Miss Walton spent from one to two hours each morning at the job, interpreting the plans, check-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-FOUR]

ing the work to be done that day, especially stressing details she thought differed from the standard type bungalows with which the carpenters were more familiar. Four or five carpenters now were on the job, in charge of a working foreman.

The Ward family were interested spectators as their dream bungalow took form in wood. Wisely, the planning had been done before the first earth was turned, not afterward.

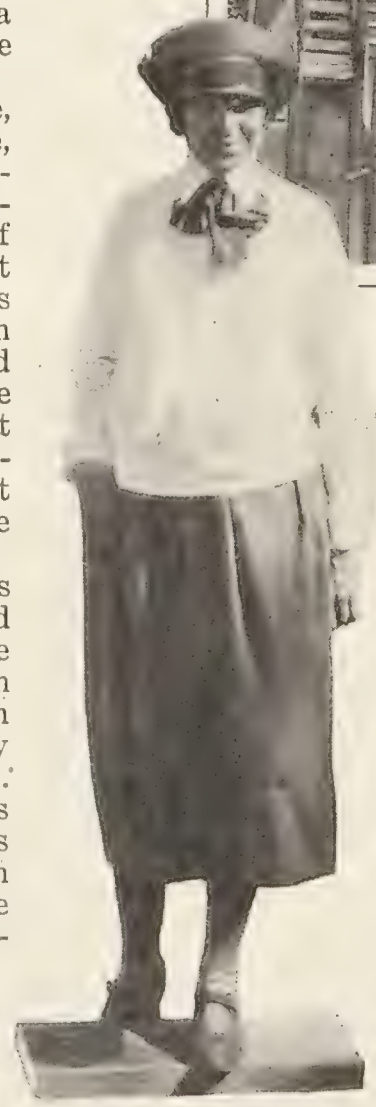
Mrs. Ward had reserved one decision. This was the placing of the electrical fixtures and outlets. Here she thought she could make a more satisfactory decision with the house in skeleton outline.

IN an initial order for lumber, Miss Walton had listed what she thought would be needed, but special orders were added as required. When the rafters were up, a brickmason was called to build the chimney, which would contain the flues for fireplace and furnace. A decision for an electric range had eliminated the expense of a separate flue for the kitchen.

The cheery fireplace, with crackling wood fire, depends upon skill of design and careful workmanship at the time of building. The flue must be large enough—this was lined with thirteen by thirteen tile — and high enough above the comb of the roof to get proper draft. This probably is more important than the curve in the throat of the fireplace.

Even though Miss Walton realized she had a good workman, she constantly watched him and cautioned him against allowing any mortar to clog the flue.

Common brick was used in the fireplace, as it was to be coated with stucco on the outside and plastered on the inside. The 3,300 brick were bought at $15 a thousand, the flue lining cost $65, and the flue labor $90.



Miss Alice Walton, architect.

As soon as the roof sheeting was on, a tinner laid heavy flashing along the valleys and around the flue. From him a written guarantee was exacted that there would be no leaks. The tinner's contract at $195 also included gutters, downspouts and the vent above the kitchen stove to carry off fumes from cooking.

The plumber, whose first duty had been to install the water service before the stonemasons began work, returned at this stage and roughed in the water pipes, sewer and downspout drains. He installed the bathtub, carefully covered with paper to protect it from playful workmen who have a predilection for walking in tubs with their heavy shoes.

The tub was placed early so that the plasterer could plaster up to it.

The plumber's contract was at $540. This included fixtures from one of the larger companies, a built-in tub, enameled in front and around one end, and a one-piece kitchen sink.

The window and door frames were not built by the carpenters, but were ordered complete from a local mill, as were also the arched jambs supporting the projection that formed a recess just in front of the garage doors.

The sixteen-inch stained wooden shingles are laid irregularly.

Weather conditions brought no delay to the job. The first hindrance came from the non-delivery of frames for one bay.

Miss Walton, telephoning about the delay, was told the carpenter had called at the office and informed them the frames would not be needed for about three weeks. As there was a press of business the frames were laid aside on the strength of his information.

On the other hand, the fretting carpenter, using the telephone, was told the architect's details had been late in reaching the mill. Work at the bungalow dragged for about ten days.

The Wards had decided to build an insulated house. This they found they could accomplish at scant additional expense by using an insulating lumber instead of ordinary sheathing. Mr. Ward satisfied himself his walls actually gained in strength through this use. In addition the same material was used as a base for plaster on the ceiling.

The garage was lined on both walls and ceiling with the same insulating lumber to conserve the heat to be supplied by a hot-air pipe. The lumber was supplied in long sheets, so that neatly laid it would make, without a plaster coat, a satisfactory wall for a garage.

The decision in favor of an insulated house was quickly made by parents who were interested in even temperatures for the good health of the two Ward babies. Statistics were available for saving in coal. Mr. Ward realized that with a gas furnace under thermostatic control every unit of escaped heat would be clicked off by the gas meter. So that the Wards entered into the profit column the item of insulating lumber.

"Casement windows with insulated walls will make a very satisfactory combination," Miss Walton pointed out. "Casement windows afford a maximum of ventilation for prompt cooling of rooms in the early evening. Insulated walls, retarding heat passage, keep the heat inside in the winter and keep it outside in the summer. But after sunset, when it becomes cooler outside than inside a house, the windows come into play."

For the roof of the Ward bungalow a grayish brown was desired. This was not a stock color. But after a half hour's visit at the Kansas City branch of a national shingle corporation, an expert produced a stain exactly meeting the color Miss Walton had in mind. At $9.75 a square (100 square feet of shingled surface), a heavy, thick, clear red cedar shingle was obtained, and the full shingle stained the desired color.

AS the shingles were virtually uniform in color, Miss Walton sought the desired effect of roof texture by laying the shingles irregularly. This was easy of accomplishment because Miss Walton had just trained some shinglers on another roof in the art of laying shingles carelessly. At the start it had been difficult, first to gain the co-operation of the shinglers and then to prevent the irregularity's falling into a pattern.

When the shinglers fell into the knack of an unstudied carelessness, they were quite won over.

Due to the delay in the mill work, only two shinglers were engaged at one time.

At this stage of the Ward bungalow, the architect's tentative estimate of costs follows:

Excavation	$185
Stone, foundation	195
Labor, foundation	195
Stone, garage and bays	27
Labor, garage and bays	27

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

By Sharing in the Nation's Outstanding Economy Event

The WANAMAKER AUGUST SALE of FURNITURE

GOING East, West, North or South, your path passes through New York or Philadelphia. And in these cities at Wanamaker's—you may easily cover the cost of your entire trip by participating in the Furniture Sale that has become a national institution. ¶ More than $5,000,000 worth of Wanamaker furniture — a collection without equal in the whole world — at savings as high as 50 per cent. ¶ Rare old antique pieces, fine period reproductions, as well as the finest types of modern furniture craftsmanship. ¶ Save hundreds — even thousands — of dollars on the furnishing of a single room. ¶ These Wanamaker Sales are world-wide in scope, sending furniture to every State in the Union as well as Europe, Africa, Asia, Australia and South America.

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A booklet illustrating typical Wanamaker August Furniture Sale values mailed on request

John Wanamaker

PHILADELPHIA

The Sesqui-Centennial City

NEW YORK LONDON PARIS

[OWN YOUR HOME Continued from Page Forty-five]

Flue, labor	$90
Cement, lime, tile	122
Sand	69
Hollow tile at stair	9
Brick	50
Lumber (estimate)	1,000
Carpenter labor	1,100
Millwork	595
Cabinets (estimate)	200
Floor laying	45
Weather-stripping	55
Painting (estimate)	275
Decorating (estimate)	175
Metal work	195
Plumbing	$540
Fixtures (estimate)	150
CONCRETE:	
Cellar (14 cents a square foot)	114
Garage (14 cents a square foot)	32
Porches (18 cents a square foot)	47
Walk	20
Drive	85
Footings	30
Common labor (estimate)	75
Grading (estimate)	50
Sodding (estimate)	50
Heating, piping	125
Heating, furnace	360
Wiring (estimate)	$70
Ornamental iron bar	10
Iron beams and columns	54
Driveway coal chute	36
Metal trim, tile hearth, tile floor, tile facing, hardware, screens, not estimated.	
Total	$6,457

An insurance policy, written when the carpenters began work on the frame, is not listed as a construction cost, as it is more properly a maintenance cost. While Mr. Ward took this protection, he did not take out workmen's liability insurance, as no workmen were directly employed by him. Subcontractors were questioned carefully on the liability policies carried by them, to make sure protection existed against accidents on the job.

Next week LIBERTY will tell you the story of the progress being made on the home of Mr. and Mrs. Richard S. Davis of Milwaukee, of their trials and tribulations and triumphs.

'There is no place like Home'

By a Woman and for Women

To the Editor of the Home Page:
I am inclosing a few ideas on home-building from a woman's standpoint and experience. I build homes and superintend them from start to finish. These ideas have been valuable to me and to everyone for whom I have built. I did not study books, I sat down and planned a house which would be: first, convenient; next: beautiful and a labor saver and a step saver for women.

My business is building homes that will appeal to people with a fair income. Consequently I must utilize every inch of space and be economical and at the same time the house must have beauty, utility, comfort, and not be too expensive.

First of all, bedrooms must be considered. The owner must decide how many are needed. Upon that depends the size of the house and the possible arrangement. By measuring the space for each bed you avoid awkward placing of beds extending in front of windows or doors. Place windows and doors according to the furniture, and not the furniture in regard to windows and doors. I know a man who built a beautiful home and, when it was finished, there was no place for the furniture. Architects and builders often forget to consider the arrangement of furniture.

Measure your space in library or living-room for piano, davenport, or any special piece of furniture. Place windows and doors so they will not interfere with the setting.

The kitchen should be given special attention. There is where the wife spends the hardest hours of her life, and where arrangement will lighten her burden most. Build a cabinet which will contain all kitchen utensils and have the worktable and sink included, with open space in center front below where, if desired, the cook may sit in comfort, while preparing the meal. If the cabinet is built clear to the floor in the center it makes work uncomfortable and sitting impossible.

It should be left open below so the woman can stand at ease at sink and table. This is a small item for men who build houses, but it means much to the woman in charge of the kitchen.

As a rule I place a window in the center of the wall and build the cabinet around it, so the worker may have a pleasant view, light, and air while busy.

Just outside the dining-room door, in the kitchen, place a linen and silver and china closet. Have four deep shelves and three deep, commodious drawers. The cabinet extends from floor to ceiling and is but three feet wide. I utilize space over the stairway to the basement for this cabinet.

I build these kitchenettes about nine by eleven. Everything is built in and no furniture excepting stove and chairs is needed.

Building an ironing board into the wall, with switch for electric iron and vacuum cleaner is a big step saver. It may be placed in the kitchen or in the dining-room, and the door concealing it in a dining-room may be matched with the woodwork.

GERTRUDE MASON,
Ottumwa, Iowa.

LIBERTY wants its readers to aid each other in home-building. The story of your experiences may help others. To encourage this LIBERTY invites you to tell the story of your home and how it was planned and built. For each story and helpful inquiry printed we will pay $25. Questions will be answered by the Home Owners' Service Institute, Inc. Address Liberty Home Owners' Bureau, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Carpenter Tells How

To the Editor of the Home Page:
I have a few ideas that my help a prospective builder. I am a carpenter and believe myself to be a fairly good mechanic. The observations I make are the results of direct observation and experience.

Before any ground is bought, the prospective home-owner has an idea of the kind or style of building he wants. Usually this takes the form of either a sketch or outline drawn in rough manner. Some people think because a man is a carpenter he should be a mind reader as well as a magician. The proper thing to do is to take the rough sketch to the architect and go over it with him until your ideas are impressed upon him clearly. He will generally manage to evolve some order out of your chaotic jumble of ideas and to incorporate all or most of them in a plan. These plans should be gone over minutely and alterations made until the whole thing agrees, as far as possible, with the builder's ideas. Few persons know exactly what they want and it is the architect who really rates as a magician, as it is his job to take a piece of paper, a few hazy ideas, and some ink; mix well and—hocus-pocus—there's your house.

Without accurate plans it is impossible to build anything. Good plans are essential to a good home.

I want to stress specifications. These should be checked and rechecked. They are what the contractor bases his bid upon. You cannot expect him to pay for things you have overlooked or forgotten in the specifications. Be sure of your specifications and your contractor. Check up on both of them carefully. The best way is to examine work he has done for someone else.

After doing these things, go ahead and buy your lot if you still feel you can afford to build. And let your contractor (if you know him to be a good man) as much alone as you can and you will soon have a home of your own.

The time to doubt a contractor is before hiring him. If he is not honest, watching and interfering with him will not keep him from cheating you. If he is honest, you will get better results by letting him alone and allowing him to work out the details.

MARTAIN F. GREENE,
Wellsville, N. Y.

Using Space between Walls

To the Editor of the Home Page:
My husband recently gave me a suggestion, an idea which I consider one of the cleverest hints I ever had passed on to me. In every frame house, that is one with double walls, there is a space between the walls that is wasted. My husband's idea is to convert some of this waste space into recesses or cabinets.

The walls are about 3½ inches apart, with 2½ feet between the studdings, so this would allow a cabinet of that size to be placed anywhere in the wall to break the monotony. If a recess wider than 2½ feet is desired it is necessary to cut one of the studdings, which might weaken the walls unless they are braced with a header, top and bottom.

These cabinets may be round, square or diamond shaped, and they may be papered or lined with cloth. In the dining-room one of these glass-doored cabinets lined with velvet will display china, cut glass, or silver plate, although only shallow, narrow articles may be used.

In a bathroom the medicine cabinet may be built between the walls, while in the kitchen such wall cabinets may serve as a recess for the clock, for hubby's fishing tackle, or for many other things.

I intend to use this idea when my home is built. I know now just what curios and articles that are always in danger of being knocked off stands or tables, will go into those niches.

MRS. RUSSELL DURHAM,
Route 4, Belton, Tex.

Building to Suit Income

To the Editor of the Home Page:
Here is a nut for you to crack: I want either to buy or build a home and have not enough money for a deposit. At present I pay sixty dollars monthly for an apartment for two, both working and getting fair salaries. I have lived here for twenty-two months, and have paid a total of $1,520. Show me if you can, how to beat the landlord by owning my own home.

GUS FLADING,
376 Paulison Avenue, Passaic, N. J.

We would suggest that you lay your problem before the best building and loan association in your district. Much depends upon the district and building conditions. Ordinarily a man who can afford sixty dollars a month rent can build his home, if capably advised and if he avoids second mortgage complications. The United States Department of Commerce has worked out a table showing what kind of a house a man is justified in building on a certain income. Perhaps the table from the Department will aid you in figuring what sort of a home you should build and can afford to build. It follows:

TABLE SHOWING INCOME, VALUE OF HOME, AND TYPICAL NNUAL EXPENSES OF HOME-BUILDER

1. ANNUAL INCOME....	$1,200 to 1,800	$1,600 to 2,400	$2,000 to 3,000	$2,400 to 3,600	$2,800 to 4,200	$3,200 to 4,800	$3,600 to 5,400	$4,000 to 6,000
2. Value of house and lot...	3,000	4,000	5,000	6,000	7,000	8,000	9,000	10,000
3. First cash payment (20% of value).....	600	800	1,000	1,200	1,400	1,600	1,800	2,000
4. Amount of loan.....	2,400	3,200	4,000	4,800	5,600	6,400	7,200	8,000
5. Interest and amortization (12½% of loan)..	300	400	500	600	700	800	900	1,000
6. Estimated taxes, insurance and upkeep.....	120	160	200	240	280	320	360	400
7. TOTAL ANNUAL EXPENSES.....	420	560	700	840	980	1,120	1,260	1,400
8. Savings included in above total (first year).....	150	200	250	300	350	400	450	500
9. Expenses comparable with rent (first year)..	270	360	450	540	630	720	810	900

JUDY relaxed upon the couch, happy as a well-fed kitten.

The CORBIN Necklace

Pictures by JOHN NEWTON HOWITT

The Struggle of a Girl to Avoid the Trap of a Loveless Marriage

A Serial by

HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER

PUNCH CORBIN plunged a hand deep into his trousers pocket and pulled out a typical boy's handkerchief, wadded and rather grimy. He spread it open. There lay a perfectly graded series of shining pearls! I stared, fascinated. The famous Corbin necklace!

The day before, it had disappeared from the old-fashioned safe that had held it. I was the Corbins' neighbor and got the story from thirteen-year-old Punch. Old Mrs. Corbin, to whom the necklace belonged, had sent him for his sister Judy. The girl was to be married to Bruce Applebury and the old lady wished to present her with the $100,000 gems. When Judy came, the pearls were gone.

Mrs. Corbin screamed that Victoria had taken them. Victoria was her daughter-in-law, Punch's mother. But queerer than this, to Punch's mind, was Judy's attitude. She had actually laughed! And, throughout, she was acting strangely. After the wedding guests had arrived that day she had looked white and frightened—had caught Punch's hand and begged him to be on her side no matter *what* she did. And that evening the boy saw a fellow—in the dimness he couldn't make out who it was—thrust a thick letter into her hand.

Hours later, Punch caught sight of a man in gray pajamas stealing across the hall from Mrs. Corbin's room. And the next morning the pearls were back safely in their morocco box! Then Mrs. Corbin yielded to the boy's pleadings and gave him the gems to hide, saying they would be safer with him than in her strong box.

Later on, that day, Judy paid me a visit with a nice-looking chap whom I took to be the future husband, but who turned out to be Bill Grant, Bruce's cousin. Grant was clearly disturbed in his mind.

But one calm person was Mr. Ethelbert Smith, a wedding guest who knew gems. He was with me when Punch spread his handkerchief. When the boy was gone he told me a startling fact—that those pearls were merely a clever imitation of the real string! And later, after watching the wedding rehearsal, he gave me an account of it that shook me.

PART SIX

"WHEN Judy and her bridegroom arrived for the rehearsal," said Mr. Smith, "I saw enacted a scene of perfectly tragic intensity, and I haven't

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE CORBIN NECKLACE
Continued from Page Forty-seven]

the remotest idea, now, what it meant."

"What happened?" I demanded.

"Nothing happened. Nothing, at least, until after the scene was over. They went ahead and had their rehearsal. I watched. I watched all of them, even Alexander Corbin. Particularly I watched our young friend Bill Grant.

"He had already had his surprise. But I swear I don't know how he got it. He hadn't had a significant look or word, let alone an intelligible message, either from his cousin or from Judy. And yet he looked like a man in a daze. When it came time for him to produce the ring and hand it to the bridegroom, a good stiff nudge was not enough to bring him to. He had to be spoken to, and then responded like a somnambulist.

"I CAN'T describe the intensity of the feeling that was shared, in some inexplicable way, by Judy and those two young men. And what made a nightmare of it was that no one seemed to perceive it but myself. Oh, Victoria may have been a little unnaturally alert. She'd taken that look from Judy square in the face, though without flinching, so that I wonder now whether she knew what it meant. To the others it was simply the rehearsal of a wedding, to the usual accompaniment of jokes and giggles."

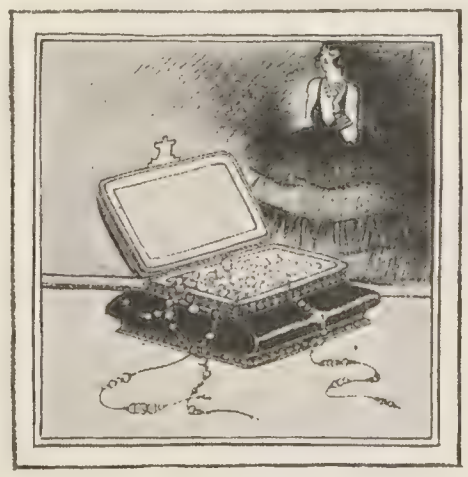
"How about Punch? Didn't he see anything?"

"No, I don't think he did. He was entirely serious, of course; scrupulous about doing his part exactly as he was told. One of his hands showed a tendency to stray into his pocket, but he corrected that when his mother spoke to him about it. No, Punch had something else on his mind and I don't think he saw a thing.

"Yet I can swear that if those three people had been Italians there'd have been the flash of a stiletto. But who would have wielded it and who'd have got it, I don't know.

"Something did happen at last, just when the rehearsal was over. Someone, perhaps two or three of them at once, said to Applebury, 'Now's when you kiss her.'

"Judy turned to him and said, without any expression in her face at all, 'Are you going to? You can if you like, of course.'



"He went rather red and stood looking at her like a fool. Angry, I should say, rather than embarrassed. I don't think he'd embarrass easily. He has no misgivings about himself.

"She didn't give him more than a second to make up his mind. Then she reached out a hand for the other man. Some fool laughed and said, 'Are you going to kiss him instead?'—but nobody else made that mistake. Something about her gesture silenced the lot of them.

"She said right out so that everybody could hear, 'I'm going to talk to Bill for five minutes, over on that bench.' She nodded toward a stone seat at the bottom of the lawn in plain sight, but out of earshot. 'After that, we'll decide what we're going to do next.' She led young Grant off to the bench and they sat down on it with their backs to us.

"There was some electricity in the air by then. I think that for a moment Applebury considered following her, but he changed his mind about it, and turned to Victoria. The others stayed together in a group, as if they didn't know what to do nor where to look.

"I looked frankly at the pair on the bench. They sat side by side, not very close together though, and talked without looking at each other. It didn't last very long; less, I'm sure, than the five minutes Judy stipulated for. Then she got up, turned away from him, still without a look, and came back toward us, he following.

"She looked to me then a perfectly live girl. The second act of The Tales of Hoffmann was over. 'It's too late and too hot for tennis,' she said. 'Let's all go for a swim in the pool.'

"I heard Grant speak to her just before they got within the hearing of the others. 'I'll think of something, yet,' he said. She answered him over her shoulder for anybody to hear that might: 'All right, if you can.' He'd got over his surprise, at all events, and seemed to be coming to life again, himself.

"He went into the pool with the others. So did Judy. So did everybody except Punch and Bruce Applebury. One of the bridesmaids made quite a point of it that Punch should go in; a personal appeal. But he refused regretfully, and I knew why. His bathing suit hadn't any pocket in it.

"I don't know why Applebury didn't go in. He looked hot and stuffy enough after his day in town. Unless——"

OLD Eagle Eye's face suddenly brightened and he slapped his lean old leg. "Unless, by George, he had the same reason that Punch had, only a better one. Do you suppose he had the real necklace in his pocket?"

"Damn the necklace!" I cried.

"Damn it, by all means," he agreed seriously. "But in the meantime we'd better be dressing for Judy's dinner party. You're going, aren't you?"

I told him dully that I didn't think I would.

But after he'd gone upstairs to change his clothes and pack, a servant from The Oaks

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brought me a note from Judy that changed my mind.

"You must come tonight," it said. "Not that you can do anything, but I want you here."

What Judy thought she wanted of me at dinner that night, I don't know. Probably she didn't know herself. She regarded me as an ally and may have reasoned that some unforeseen change in the pattern of things might make me useful. Or, more likely, she didn't reason at all; just felt that she wanted me there, and sent for me.

As things turned out, the part I played at the dinner was merely that of a wholly unimportant spectator. The cue that called me upon the stage wasn't given me until several hours later. Neither during the dinner nor after it did I have a moment alone with her.

I had a word with Punch, though.

"Have you still got the necklace?" I asked him.

He patted his trousers pocket confidentially.

"I didn't forget to change it when I changed my clothes," he told me, "and I bolted my door and hung my coat on the door-knob. So nobody knows where it is. Mother thinks it's still in the safe. I don't know what I'll do about it tonight, though, after I've gone to bed. Sleep with my trousers on, I expect. Unless grandmother has me give it back to her before then."

I don't think Victoria really expected me to come to the dinner, but with a crowd like that —there were more than thirty of us—one more or less couldn't have mattered much. They solved the problem of my stiff leg by putting me at a card table and giving me a spare chair opposite for my foot. I had Punch on one side of me and his special bridesmaid on the other.

The rest of the elderly group sat at a table by themselves; old Mr. Ethelbert Smith at Mrs. Corbin's right, at the head of it, Alec at the foot, and Victoria halfway down the side that faced me. The bridal party, lacking the two who had been told off to me, sat, eighteen in all, at an enormous table transversely to the room, Judy at the end of it nearest me, with Bill Grant at her right, and Bruce away down at the other.

The arrangement had its importance for me—by that same token it was probably an unlucky one for the nice bridesmaid—since it put all of the principal actors in the drama, or at least all whom I took to be the principal actors, where I could watch their faces. Judy and old Mrs. Corbin I saw in profile. Bill Grant, Bruce Applebury, and Victoria faced me squarely.

SHE led young Grant off to the bench and they sat down on it with their backs to us.

I DIDN'T neglect the others. One by one I studied them. One of them, it seemed impossible to resist the conclusion, must have been Punch's man in pajamas, who, for some motive less explicable even than the one that had incited the taking of it, had returned the stolen necklace, presumably the false one, to old Mrs. Corbin's room last night. Would the same man walk again tonight? I wondered.

I think I know something of faces. They've been a serious part of my study, at all events, for many years. But there wasn't one within range of my vision that I could associate at all with an act like that.

Anyhow, that didn't comprise the whole story. That is to say, the theft and return of the necklace did not. Otherwise it would not have involved Judy. And there was no getting away from the fact that she was involved inextricably.

She was not now, perhaps, as I looked at her, quite the lifeless, mechanical thing, the talking doll, which old Eagle Eye had described her to have been at the rehearsal of her wedding, but she was still a long way from any Judy I had ever known. She was laughing too much and talking too hard.

They didn't converse decorously in pairs at that table, but called to each other back and forth down the length of it, and oftenest of all I heard her voice, all aglitter, the lovely, sensitive shades quite gone out of it. Yes, she was entangled in something.

But was it the necklace? The question asked itself so clearly and suddenly in my mind that I started at it. Had Judy a story of her own, which by pure coincidence had fallen thwartwise of the mystery of the necklace? Was the wordless drama old Eagle Eye had seen enacted this afternoon between the girl and those two young men nothing but a plain tale of common human jealousy? Could the riddle be solved on that hypothesis?

"What *is* Judy doing back there?" the nice bridesmaid asked me. "You've been looking steadily past my shoulder without saying a word for about five minutes, and I'm too curious to be polite any longer."

"I'm afraid it's I who've been too curious to be polite," I apologized contritely. "And she isn't doing anything, really."

I was going on expatiating, rather feebly I'm afraid, on the feelings of an avowedly sentimental honorary uncle, when Mrs. Corbin cut me short by calling aloud, in her vibrant, imperious old voice, to Punch.

"Come here!" she commanded the boy. "I want to speak to you."

EVERYBODY in the room seemed to realize that something was coming, for Punch walked to her side in complete silence and we all heard what she said to him.

"Go and get that thing I told you to keep for me. Get it and take it to Judy."

Her voice was harsh as she issued the order, and I saw her turn a sardonic look down the table at Victoria. But nobody paid any attention to that. They were all watching Punch, expecting, of course, that he'd turn and leave the room. Instead, he walked straight toward Judy. His grandmother's voice halted him.

"Go and get it first," she called.

"Oh, I have it here in my pocket," said

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Another instant and she had fastened the clasp, turned away from the table, and was coming down the length of the room toward her grandmother.

[THE CORBIN NECKLACE Continued from Page Forty-nine]

Punch. And he pulled out, on the words, the same rather disgraceful handkerchief in which he'd exhibited the necklace to us at the lunch table.

I stopped watching him then, and turned my eyes once more on Judy. And, pearls or no pearls, she was the one to watch. The first look that flashed into her face, when she saw what her brother was bringing her, was one of an irrepressible disgust. She had damned the necklace before, and this look of hers damned it now. That was gone, of course, in an instant, and by the time the others had turned to look at her, she had ironed out her face into a perfectly correct expression of pleasure over the receipt of a rather overwhelming gift—surprise and delight beautifully mingled.

She lifted the thing daintily from Punch's outrageous handkerchief, felt for the ends, and fastened it around her neck. I saw her fingers pause suddenly over the clasp, not so much as if they were baffled by it as if all the activities of her body had been, for an instant, frozen. Another instant and she had fastened the clasp, turned away from the table, and was coming down the length of the room toward her grandmother. She passed my chair on the way, but she had no eyes for me in that moment.

The girl's face was transfigured, her eyes were shining like stars. I can't help it if I am banal—it's what they were shining like. I heard her catch her breath in something like a sob as she walked by.

"GRAN, you darling!" she cried. And rather to Mrs. Corbin's astonishment, I think, she bent and kissed her squarely on her old mouth before the old woman had time to turn her cheek. "Are they *really* mine?" Judy demanded. "Do you mean you've *given* them to me?"

"They belong to you, and to no one else," Mrs. Corbin said. "Here! Give Ethelbert Smith a look at them. He knew them long before you were born, or your father, either."

The girl turned to him dutifully, leaning forward so that they swung away from her breast. I saw old Mr. Smith touch them with the tips of his fastidious fingers, and then I looked at Victoria.

She wasn't a beautiful sight. The change in color of her face had made the make-up blotchy, and her eyes were as hard as stones. I'm sure she wasn't breathing. But old Mr. Smith's voice came out suave and untroubled:

"The Corbin necklace is one of the most beautiful strings of pearls I know, my dear. And your young neck is worthy of it. I wish you happiness."

The other table broke up as Judy approached it. They all grouped around her to look and go into raptures. That was my first impression at least, but it was not quite correct.

Bruce Applebury expressed no raptures, and he fell back a little from the group, seeming content to survey this marvelous gift to his bride at long range. This might have been nothing, of course, but the celebrated Applebury reserve.

But there was none of that reserve about his cousin, Bill Grant. That young man didn't even pretend to look. And he was scowling just as he had scowled that morning when he and Judy had come upon me in the summerhouse. But nobody, of course, was paying any attention to him.

EVENTUALLY the tumult subsided and people went back to their places. Bruce was watching Judy now. At all events it looked more like watching to me than like the lover's gaze one might have expected. She seemed aware of his watchfulness and troubled by it, though not profoundly. Exasperated, perhaps, says a little more accurately what I mean. The brilliant glow of excitement was still in her face, and yet she had fallen silent. Once or twice she darted a quick look at Bill Grant, and at last she may have spoken to him under her breath. I don't know.

Anyhow I found myself presently watching him, so that I was on the spot, as it were, when his face changed too. It was like the lifting of a fog. I saw him look down the table toward Bruce, and then back at Judy. No, not at Judy; at Judy's necklace. He was staring at it now like one fascinated, and to my amazement his face broke into a broad—but really a ferocious—grin. *His* eyes were blazing now.

I gave up trying to entertain the nice bridesmaid after that. It really didn't matter. She was too excited about the necklace to care.

But, for myself, I was in exactly the plight in which old Eagle Eye had found himself this afternoon. I had seen a drama played out under my eyes, and what it was all about I hadn't the remotest idea. And I went home, once they'd got fairly to dancing, without any further illumination. Judy, as I said, never came near me. Whatever situation she'd foreseen that I might be useful in hadn't

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY-THREE]

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"More than a bumper"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY]

come off. She had something else on her mind now.

But this much I knew: Whatever Judy's story might be, the necklace was somehow the nub of it.

II

I GOT my cue at five minutes past four the next morning. I know what time it was, since I had, a moment earlier, switched on my light and looked at my watch to see how much longer the night was going to last. The sky would begin turning gray before very long, I remember thanking Heaven, and then perhaps I should drop off to sleep.

It wasn't ten seconds after I'd switched out my light and dropped back upon my pillow, when I heard my name spoken, almost beside my head, it seemed, in a whisper.

I don't mind admitting that if I'd had two practicable legs, I'd have come clean out of bed in one jump. As it was, I sat up and took out my suppressed activity in thinking. The name that had been whispered was not the one by which I had been baptized, nor even the familiar nickname that almost everyone calls me by, but a private diminutive that Judy and Punch sometimes used as a mark of affection.

I've been sleeping, since I've been too clumsy to get up and down stairs on crutches, in a little room on the ground floor which my gardener and his wife used to use for a dining-room. The floor of it is hardly above the ground level, and the open window is low enough for anyone bigger than a child to look through, or, for that matter, climb in at. So there was nothing unnatural about the whisper, weird as the effect of it had been.

When it was repeated an instant later, I answered in a low voice, "Come around to the front door and I'll let you in."

I thought it was Punch come down to report some new and exciting development that he couldn't wait till morning to tell me.

I switched on the reading-lamp in my living-room as I passed through; then cautiously unlocked and opened the door. Two people were standing on the doorstep, but neither of them was the caller I had expected. One of them was Judy and the other was Bill Grant.

I don't think, though, that I was especially surprised. Down in the bottom of my mind I must have guessed a good deal more, during the past two days, than I had allowed myself to admit. All the same, I felt pretty blank for a minute. I just stood there in the doorway and balanced myself upon my crutches. My paralysis seemed to have infected them too, for neither of them moved or spoke.

At last I said, "You'd better come in."

"Do you want us to?" Judy asked, very quietly.

"Yes, of course," I told her, and on the words I swung myself back out of the doorway. "Come into the living-room," I added, "and we'll shut the door, and then perhaps it won't be necessary to let Donovan in on it."

BILL made me follow Judy inside, and it was he who closed both doors—more quietly than I could have done.

I didn't ask what they were doing or were planning to do. There was no mistaking the sort of adventure upon which this pair were about to embark.

"Sit down," I said, "and tell me all about it."

My voice was coming to life a little, but it was hardly satisfactory, even to me, and I wasn't surprised at Judy's question.

"Are you on our side?" she asked. "Because there's no use sitting down and talking unless you are."

I did sit down myself, though, in my easy chair, and filled and lighted a pipe before I answered. It was time, not tobacco, that I wanted.

"Of course I'm on your side, Judy," I said at last. "I'll be on any side that I'm satisfied is really yours."

Neither of them followed my example about sitting down. Young Grant was standing in front of my empty fireplace, his hands behind him—locked together, if I could judge by the tension of his shoulders. Judy, who had been wandering restlessly about the room while I got my pipe going, now gave me a rueful smile and came to rest on the arm of my chair.

"You haven't my best interest at heart, have you?" she asked, with slightly burlesqued apprehension. "You don't want to save me from doing something that I'll always regret?"

The words and the manner may have been flippant, but the voice wasn't. Judy trusted me to understand seriousness without the label of a long face, and I blessed her for her confidence in me.

I ESSAYED a small joke of my own. "It's no good your sitting in my lap," I told her. "I'm not old enough to be seduced that way. I want to be satisfied which your side really is before I fall in, that's all."

"You're absolutely right, sir," said Bill seriously. They were the first words he'd spoken. "You ought to be told the whole story before you're asked to do anything, or even agree to anything."

"No, he's wrong, Bill," Judy contradicted him over my head.

(She hadn't stirred, by the way, at my gibe about sitting in my lap.) "He's got to decide first and hear the story afterward. Really, the story hasn't a thing to do with it, except that he'll be awfully interested in it—put it in his collection, probably. He knows already, you see, that I mean to marry you and that I'm not going to marry Bruce. Of course, if he thinks that because I'm still rather young I shouldn't be allowed to decide *anything* for myself—which is a mistake that has been made before——"

I saw Bill Grant smile ruefully at that and perceived that he himself had made this mistake.

"——if he does think that," Judy went on,

"then, of course, he'll think I'm wrong anyhow, story or no story. But if he thinks I'm grown up, then he'll see that I'm the only person who can possibly know whether you're the man I ought to marry, or Bruce."

"I'll admit that you're grown up, my dear," I said.

She kissed me briefly, and sprang to her feet.

"Well, then, it's like this," she said, turning and facing me very earnestly. "Do you want to get into a whole lot of trouble that you needn't get into at all? Do you want mother to quarrel with you, and grandmother to cut you out of her will, and a whole lot of people to think you've been, well—seduced, you know, into doing something that was perfectly, frantically foolish? You needn't, you know. That's why I wanted you to decide first. I wouldn't have you persuaded. But I thought perhaps you'd —just naturally—want to."

I don't know what answer I made—whether, indeed, in words, I made any at all. Judy was satisfied, at all events, for she went over to her lover, slipped her arm through his, and said, "I knew he would."

Even at that moment I credited this young man with unusually acute perceptions. He made no attempt to express any gratitude of his own, or to speak for Judy in the matter of hers. He'd have annoyed me intensely if he'd done either of these things. What he said was more to the point.

"It may not turn out to be quite so bad as Judy makes it look," he said. "We've a plan that will avoid a general explosion of scandal if it works. It's a near thing, of course, whether it works or not."

"You're an optimist," I commented, "if you think you can run off with Judith Corbin less than twelve hours before she was to have married Bruce Applebury without causing a general explosion of scandal." I was as yet, you see, prepared to be amiable only in streaks.

Judy came back to the arm of my chair and patted me consolingly. "You think so," she said, "because you haven't any idea how clever Bill is. Tell him the plan, Bill," she added.

Young Grant stood very straight and spoke rather stiffly.

"The essential thing about it is," he said, "that we get married as early as possible this morning, before the people at The Oaks are up and about."

"THAT'S what I told them we were going to do," Judy put in, "in the notes I left—one for mother and one for Bruce. I told mother that by the time she'd read it we'd be married, but, if she wanted us to, we'd come back before anybody knew we'd gone and not let on that anything had happened. I left the note in her room so that she'd have time to think before she started anything."

"But the wedding!" I gasped. "The marriage to Bruce in the afternoon! What would you do about that?"

"Oh, they'd have to postpone the wedding," Judy said easily. (I'm not sure she didn't speak through a yawn.) "Get up some excuse. You can trust mother for that. Grandmother could be horribly ill. That would be easiest, of course. The people would all go away, don't you see, and then, when they'd stopped thinking about us, Bill and I could be married again. There's no law against that, is there?"

"But why be married now?" I asked. "Why not simply postpone the wedding? The same excuse would serve."

"Tell him, Bill," commanded Judy.

"I know Bruce pretty well," young Grant said, "and I imagine Judy knows her mother. I don't believe either of them would submit quietly to anything less than the proved inevitable. And unless they made up their mind to it instantly and put the excuse over—for all they are worth—it wouldn't be any good. If they know there's nothing left to argue about, they may plant their excuse at once and send for us."

"Send for you—where?" I asked.

Judy gave a guilty sort of wriggle.

"I had to let you in for it, a little," she said. "I told mother that as soon as we were married we would let you know where we were, and that if she wanted us to come back, she was to call up your house and find out."

"Where will you be?" I asked.

Judy didn't answer. She left my chair again and walked away, but not, this time, to where her lover was standing. There was a moment before she turned and faced me.

"Do you *want* to get into this?" she demanded of me. She was intensely serious now. "It will be beastly for you. Mother will hate you, whether the plan works and they save their faces or not. We didn't want to do it this way, you know. At least, Bill didn't. We wouldn't have done it if we could have helped

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[THE CORBIN NECKLACE
Continued from Page Fifty-three]

it. I can't marry anyone else but Bill—not now. And they—they haven't left us any way but this. But you don't deserve to be—to be made the goat."

I'd never seen tears in Judy's eyes before, but they were there now, and they brought a responsive blur into my own.

"I shall enjoy being the goat," I said, "and I'll double in any other useful part that you can assign to me. How about it? Will you be married here?"

Judy heaved a deep sigh of assent. "In this nice little house," she said. She turned to her lover, her face transformed by relief. "It's all right now, Bill."

Bill Grant came over and shook hands with me.

"I can't tell you what relief it is, sir," he said. "I didn't want to take Judy on a wild-goose chase through the middle of the night, looking for a license clerk and a justice of the peace. I wanted it known where she was. If I may leave her here with you, I'll drive over now to the county seat and get a license as soon as I can wake up the clerk."

"I'll keep Judy for you," I said. "But there's no use in your starting yet. It's only a twenty-mile drive, and you'll agree that you can't very well rout that man out in the middle of the night. Sit down and be comfortable."

"Do you keep anything to eat in your house?" Judy asked. "I'm hungry, now that I can think about something besides eloping with Bill."

I TOLD her where to find the icebox, and cautioned her to go quietly in order not to waken Donovan. Bill went with her, and they came back in a few minutes with three-quarters of a pie and a bottle of milk.

We set out the feast on the little table beside my couch, and I watched them eat, mercifully refraining from asking any questions. These babes in the wood were as hungry as the wolves that would have devoured them.

But when we'd finished, and when Bill Grant and I had lighted our pipes, I asked, "Now, haven't I earned a story for my collection? When did you two youngsters meet for the first time? Yesterday afternoon?"

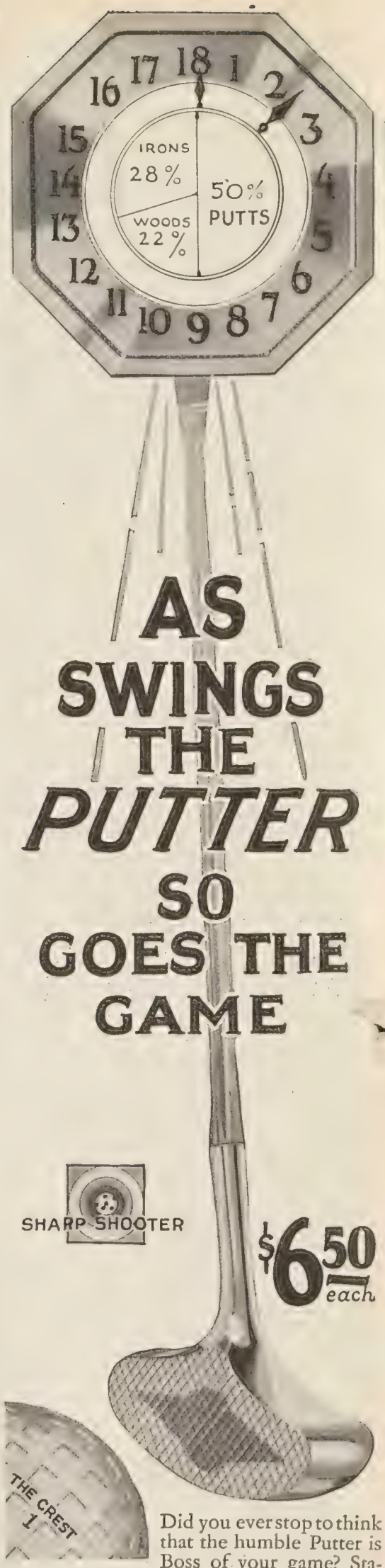
Judy threw herself down upon the couch and relaxed, happy as a well-fed kitten.

"Tell him about it, Bill," she said. "I think I'm going to sleep. The whole works, you know," she continued.

Then, by way of launching him, she turned once more to me, abruptly, and spoke:

"Has mother told you about my horrible past? Well, Bill's it."

Judy is still a mystery! The "why" of her strange conduct—her real relation to Bill Grant—the secret of Bruce Applebury's hold on her and how it involves the necklace—all these things are yet to be explained. Stay with the story and you'll find the key to Judy in next week's revealing installment.



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If I Managed that TEAM

Before You Razz the Baseball Strategists Read This

An Article by

Hugh Fullerton

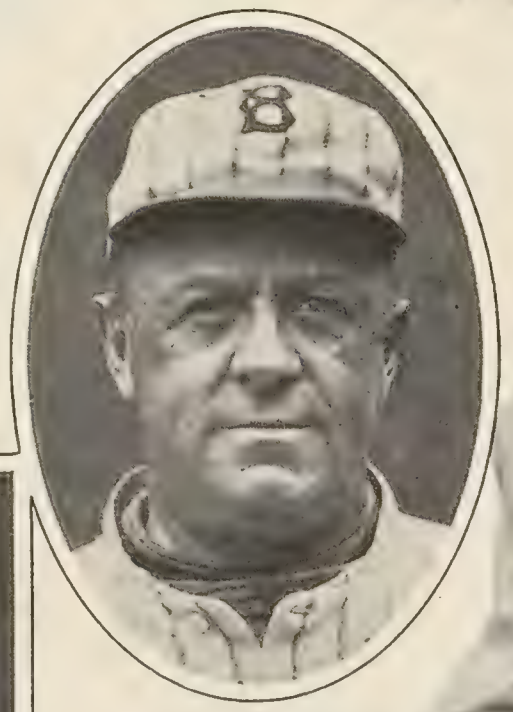
"NOW, if I were manager of that ball club, I'd——," etc. "I can't see what that bonehead was thinking about to leave Jones in there pitching. He ought to have taken him out after he gave that base on balls and sent Smith in. He ain't no manager; he's a bum."

Listen to the critical fans after any ball game. They put the poor manager on the pan and fry him to a turn and then give him another turn.

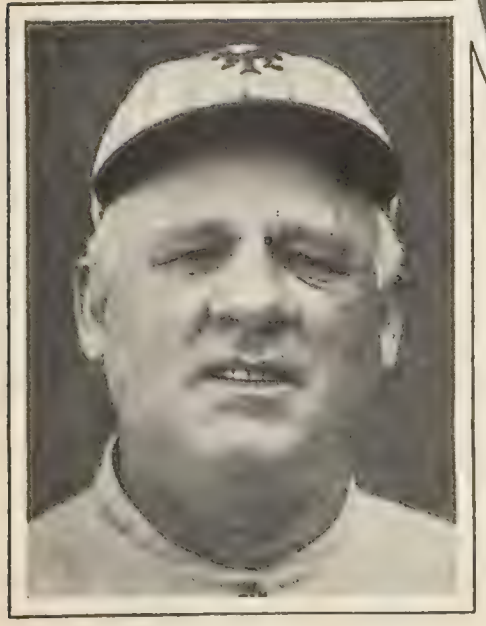
It would serve some of those fellows right if they were compelled to manage a major league club for a couple of days, just to make the punishment fit the crime. Inside of two days the majority of them would either be gray-haired or would be fleeing from a mob of infuriated fans.

Few men who attend baseball games understand what the job of a manager is; what he has to endure, how much he has to worry, what responsibility he must accept, and what he is up against both on and off the ball field.

The majority of managers are "ravers"—the others are either solid bone or else plaster saints. A man who can manage a ball club composed of perhaps twenty-six well-nigh irresponsible, temperamental, half-baked, half-smart ball players—with a mixture of clever and experienced veterans who have learned to shove the stiletto into the tender spots and twist it while still smiling—and does not join the "ravers," deserves to be canonized.



International photo
Wilbert Robinson.



John McGraw.
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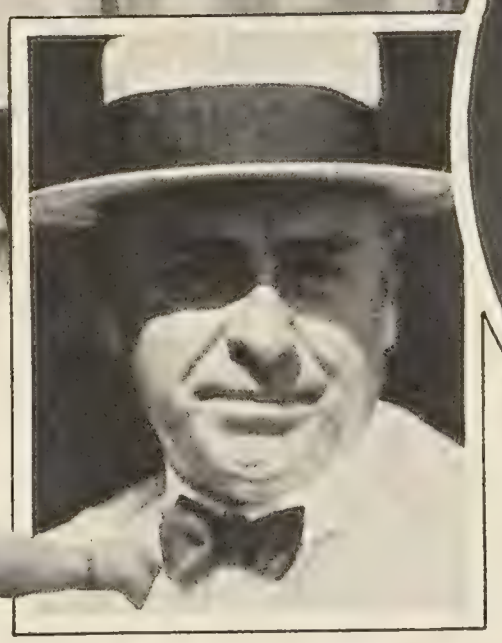

International photo
Connie Mack.

Above—Wives of Giant players at Sarasota.

Nothing so develops individuality as baseball. The players, gathered from all parts of the country, mostly young, the majority considering the life a sort of lark and possessing real money for the first time, thrown among admirers, and having twenty hours a day to dispose of outside their work, quickly develop what is termed temperament.

The first class, and the one that irritates managers most, is the "bonehead"—the dullard who cannot think. Unfortunately many of these fellows are among the best mechanical players, although in time the smart, quick-thinking player gets the top rank and the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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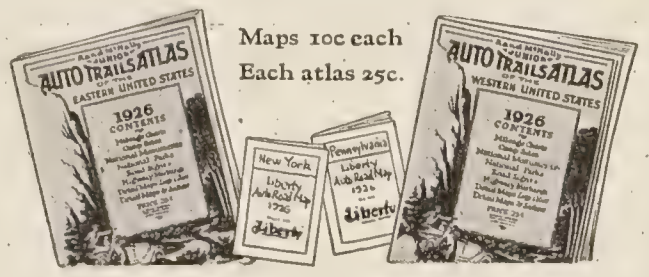

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[IF I MANAGED THAT TEAM] Continued from Page Fifty-five

bonehead eventually drops back.

The Brooklyn Club, for instance, once took a promising young pitcher down South for the spring training. His record in the minor leagues was good, but club owners do not dilate on the mental deficiencies of players they want to sell, being even more ingenious than horse traders. The team had been in Jacksonville ten days when one morning Ray Schmandt, a regular, was standing on the sidewalk before the hotel as the young pitcher came out.

"Say," he said, "what town is this?"

Schmandt blinked a moment and asked, "What?"

"What town is this?" repeated the pitcher; "I want to write home."

"It is Jacksonville, Florida," said Ray, and feeling sorry for the boy, added, "Don't let Robby know that you didn't know what town you are in. He'd think you were a bone."

"Who's Robby?" inquired the pitcher, who apparently didn't know that the Robby referred to was Wilbert Robinson, manager of the Brooklyn team.

WHEN Billy Murray was managing the Philadelphia National League team (his hair turned white in two seasons), he had a pitcher whose head was a mental Sahara. The team was in a tie game in extra innings when a runner reached first base with one out. The pitcher wound up deliberately, the base runner took one look and ran down to second base. Again the pitcher took a long wind-up, the runner stole third, scored on a fly ball, and the Phillies lost the game. Murray was indignant.

"For the love of Mike!" he exploded as the pitcher came to the bench. "Why did you wind up with a runner on first?"

"What runner on first?" asked the pitcher.

"Why, the runner who stole second. The same fellow who stole third and scored."

The pitcher mulled it over in his head for a minute and then said:

"No one told me anyone was on first."

Murray gazed at him, speechless, for an instant and then, calling to two veteran players, said:

"Here you, Knabe, and you too, Magee, come here. Now, I want you two guys to understand one thing: Hereafter, whenever anyone is on first or second or third base, you tell this fellow. I don't want any more secrets on this ball club."

In the old days of baseball individual play was the rule. There was some team play, but usually between two men—and each batter had certain agreements with the batters who preceded and with those who followed him. But great latitude was permitted in individual thought. The system developed great individual stars, and the player who couldn't think did not last.

Managers, weary of watching repeated blunders, more and more

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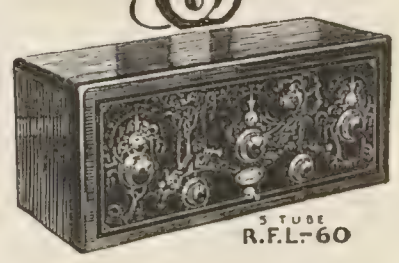

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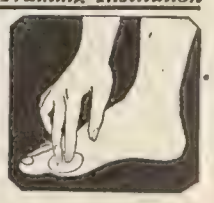

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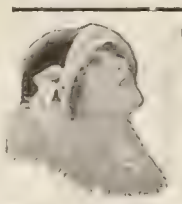

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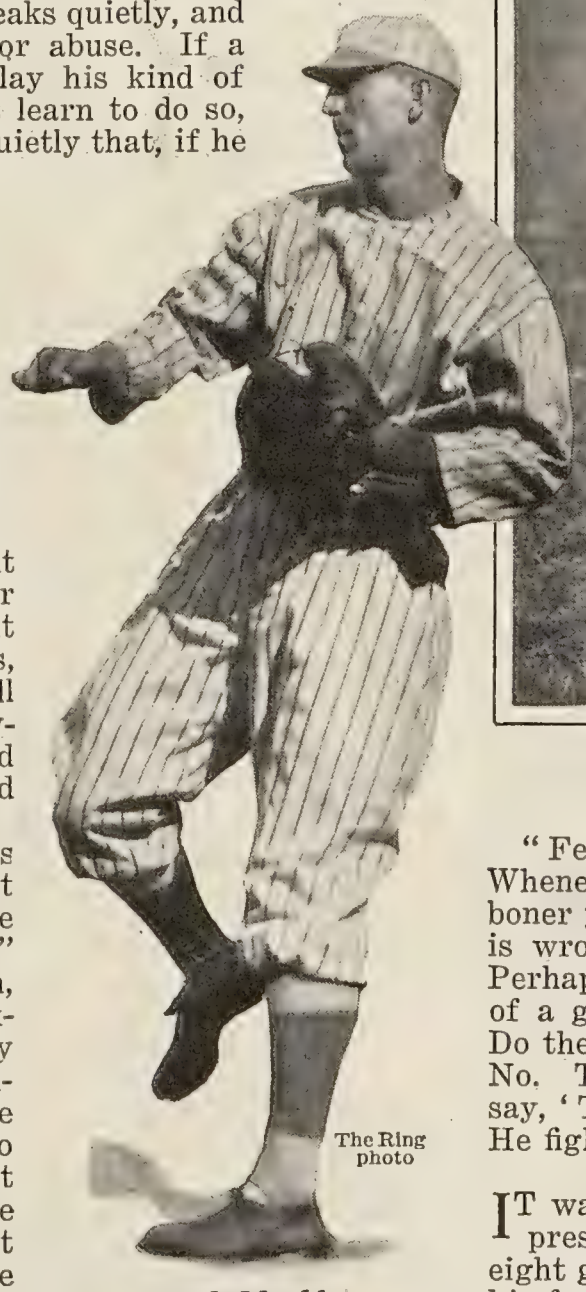
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-SIX]

have taken over the direction of plays and assumed responsibility for the results. In some teams practically every play is ordered from the bench. Players are not permitted to think or to decide when to hit or to run—the manager issues the orders. The result has been a lack of initiative.

A player's mind may wander off the game a fraction of a second and make him look foolish. Players do the most unaccountable things in these lapses of memory, and it is strange that the most famous "boners" are pulled by really smart men. For instance, John Anderson, ordinarily a clever ball player, won fame by stealing second with the bases filled. But Charlie Van Loan, one of the best writers and cleverest baseball critics, did the same thing. Fred Merkle's famous failure to touch second, which cost the New York Giants a championship, was due to a mental lapse. He acted without thinking.

"Doc" Gessler, a smart and competent player, once made an unusually foolish boner. Chicago was leading by two runs in the ninth inning, with one out and the bases filled with opponents, when the batter lifted a fly to Gessler. Doc made the catch, stuck the ball in his hip pocket, and raced for the clubhouse, permitting three runners to score on the fly and losing the game.

METHODS of managers in handling their herds of overhealthy athletes differ greatly. Connie Mack, veteran leader of the Athletics, is the gentlest and most considerate of managers. He selects men of high order, instructs them patiently, speaks quietly, and uses no scolding or abuse. If a man refuses to play his kind of baseball or cannot learn to do so, Connie tells him quietly that, if he does not care to play his style of game, he can go elsewhere.



The Ring photo

Fred Merkle.

The "ravers," however, are a different type. The late Frank Chance, George Stallings, and many others were of this type—fellows who were wont to rave and tear their hair, shout abuse and orders, and, after it was all over, pat their players on the back and tell them they did good work.

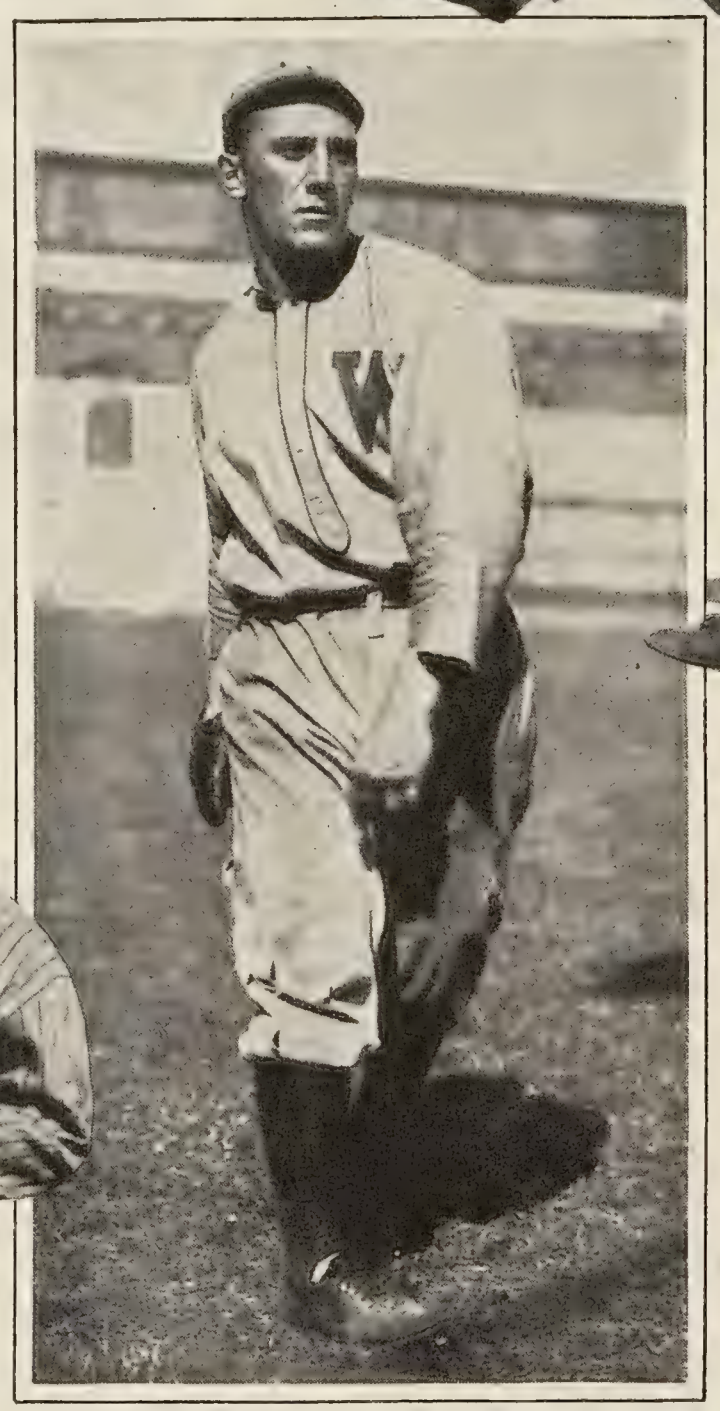
When the players understand that such managers are "cussing the cards" and not the men, the results are excellent. When they learned that Stallings and Chance were most loyal to their men and that the ravings were merely the result of an intense desire to win, the abuse was easy to endure.

Stallings once swore off on raving. It was when the late Percy Haughton, the famous football coach, became president of the Boston Braves. Haughton had made a tremendous success at Harvard, and when he got a close-up of major league baseball he was shocked. When he heard Stallings' ravings on the bench Haughton almost fainted.

"George," he said, "you have the wrong system. You ride the boys, rave at them, and, while I know it is baseball, yet it does not get teamwork or result in good feelings."

So Stallings stopped raving. Many times he would start and, just at the explosion point, would stop himself and say, "Oh, jiggers!"

After the team had lost about a dozen straight games Haughton asked Stallings' permission to talk with the players. Assembling them in the clubhouse, Haughton said:



© The Ring

Harry H. (Doc) Gessler.

"Fellows, your methods are all wrong. Whenever one of you kicks the ball or pulls a boner you all jump on him and ride him. This is wrong. Now, in football, what happens? Perhaps a boy muffs a punt in a critical stage of a game and lets the opposing team score. Do the other players curse him and ride him? No. They run up, slap him on the back, and say, 'Team. Team. Team.' He is braced up. He fights harder and perhaps wins the game."

IT was a grand speech and made a deep impression. The team lost the next seven or eight games, Stallings all the time suppressing his feelings and saying, "Oh, jiggers!"

One day, in a critical stage of the game, a player pulled a boner just as Stallings was taking a drink of water. He lifted the glass, was about to explode, suppressed himself, and, saying 'Oh, jiggers!' smashed the glass to pieces on the concrete.

Sherwood Magee leaped to his feet.

"George! George!" he exclaimed dramatically. "Team! Team! Team!"

"You blinkety blink blankety blanked blinkety blink," Stallings began, then started raving, and the "Team! Team! Team!" system ended then and there for Stallings.

Few players ever try to get back at managers who rave. The easiest way is to avoid looking at a manager after making a misplay, and the surest way to get in trouble is to laugh. Birdie Cree put one over on Frank Chance when the "Peerless Leader" was managing the New York Yankees. Birdie pulled a bad play, and Chance, kicking the bats about, raved. When Birdie reached the bench Chance said:

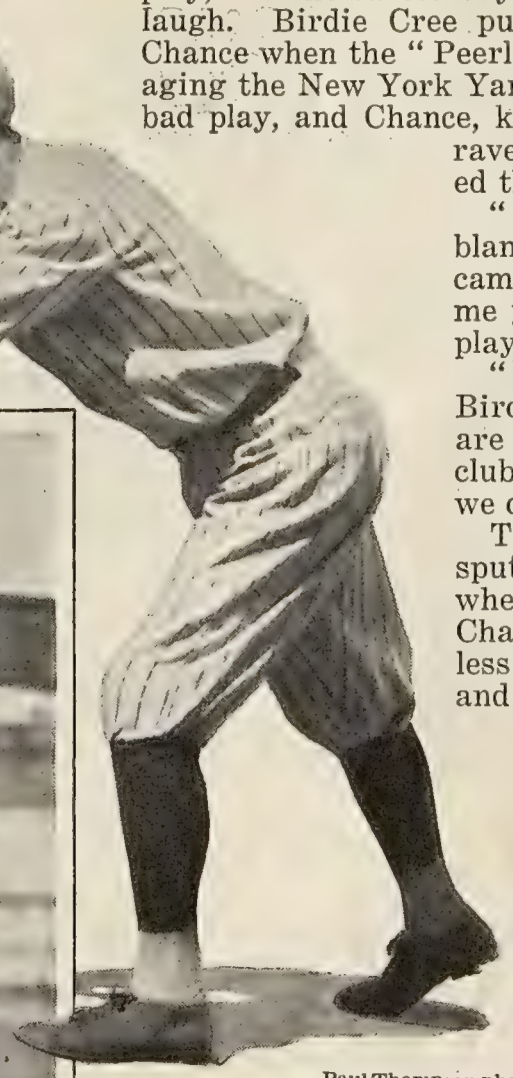
"Well, I'll be blink blank blinked. When I came to this club they told me you were a smart ball player."

"Cheer up, Frank," Birdie retorted. "There are several of us on this club who have reputations we didn't make this year."

The manager blinked, sputtered, wondered whether Cree referred to Chance's record as Peerless Leader of the Cubs, and subsided.

"I'd give a thousand dollars to know what to say to that guy," he muttered after a time.

"Rabbit" Maranville, who is more like a mischievous boy than a great star player, loved to tease Stallings. George is a lover of thoroughbred animals, and he is an authority on fine hogs and breeds many fancy porkers.



Paul Thompson photo

Ray Schmandt.

Maranville would wait until Stallings started skull practice and was getting a good start on his lecture. Then he would emit a roar:

"Why, you big bone! What are you talking about?" and glare at Dick Rudolph, a teammate.

"What's the matter?" Stallings would demand. "What are you fellows arguing about?"

"Why, what do you think of this bonehead?" the Rabbit would say. "He says that a Poland China pig is a better breed than a Berkshire."

That would end the skull practice, for Stallings would then start discussing hogs.

The Chicago White Sox and the Brooklyn Nationals have suffered for years because the players have an idea that the managers have not complete authority.

An even worse condition existed for years in the New York Yankees. The players had the notion that Miller Huggins was not in supreme control. There were two owners of the club, and at times their views were divergent—to the harm of the team. Usually the owners backed up Huggins, but the players thought they could go over his head. Then one owner sold out to the other, who immediately declared Huggins was in full control, and the team improved immediately—worked and fought and won another championship.

John McGraw, one of the most famous managers, is quick, decisive, bitterly partisan, yet absolutely fair in his dealings with players on his own team. He treats all alike, and insists upon severe discipline and obedience to orders from stars as well as rookies.

The principal causes of trouble in ball clubs are religious arguments and the wives of players. Most players have scant religious inclinations and naturally they are more inclined to argue about religion than really devout folk.

But religion is a mild worry compared with that which comes from the women. Any manager expects the worst when a number of players take their wives on road trips. He may figure on a pennant, but when he sees the wives starting with the team the best he hopes is that the club will not finish in eighth place.

THE END

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When a GIRL'S 18

A Wise Baby Looks Into the Future Through the Eyes of

EILEEN BOURNE

Picture by MAUD TOUSEY FANGEL

DEAR PARENTS:

I'm all excited about something that's happened in my young life. I'll burst if I don't tell it to someone. And I thought you parents would be more interested than anybody else, because it is all about starting a fund when a baby is little to provide for its education when it grows up.

I'm only eighteen months old myself. A few months ago, when I was living in an orphan asylum, I didn't think anybody in the world cared much whether I ever learned to walk and talk, much less think about a college education for me. But I got adopted one wonderful morning.

It just goes to show that you never can tell in your darkest moments what's right ahead of you.

But I mustn't waste any time phil-os-o-phiz-ing when there are about fifty million kids who, like me, are either five years away from starting to school, or just starting to school or college, who could be or might have been benefited by what my Mom calls a novel working out of a new idea.

One evening she was looking at me as I lay in my bed "drinking myself to death," as she jokingly calls my weakness for the bottle, and she said to me:

"I wonder what you are going to be when you grow up!"

I didn't say anything, because a bottle in your mouth does hamper conversation, and, besides, I didn't care particularly for the idea of growing up. It's pretty nice to be little and to be coddled.

"Well, you're going to be somebody if I have anything to do with it," said Mom. "At least, you're going to be equipped so that you can make a good living. I'm going to educate you. Nobody gets anywhere these days without an education. I'll have to see about this."

For two or three days she was as busy as my puppy is when he goes after a bone, and she raised almost as much dust. She talked to bankers on the telephone, and insurance agents, and building-and-loan houses. In her excitement she almost forgot about me.

Anyway, she acquired enough papers with figures on them to start a banking house. In one of the little pamphlets that a bank sent her she learned what higher education means in dollars and cents. The pamphlet talked only about boys; but my Mom said that by the time I've started out to earn my own living, men and women will be getting the same income from the same kind of work, so that what the pamphlet said about boys could apply to girls, too.

"I WONDER what you are going to be when you grow up!"

The average maximum income of the untrained man, the pamphlet said, is $1,200. He goes to work at fourteen and reaches his maximum income at thirty. Thirty seems an awful old age to me now, but I guess some people live longer than that, because the pamphlet says that "because this $1,200 income earned through manual labor depends on physical strength, it begins to fall off at fifty or even earlier, and soon reaches a level at which the man can't keep himself."

Between the ages of fourteen and eighteen, the four years that might have been spent in high school, the boy earns not more than $2,000, or an average of $500 a year. And

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-NINE]

his total income from fourteen to sixty is $45,000.

You probably think I'm talking in pretty big figures for a little girl, and that perhaps I'm not getting them straight. But I'll let you in on a secret: I have an expert helping me. Bigger ones are yet to come, too.

The partly trained man or the high-school graduate makes $2,200 a year. Generally he goes to work at eighteen, his education having cost him the $2,000 he would have earned if he'd gone to work at fourteen. But in seven years he has passed the maximum income of his untrained brother and rises to his own top at forty. So each of his high-school years was worth $8,250 to him. At sixty he has made $78,000, or $33,000 more than the uneducated man.

The college or technical-school graduate makes $150,000 in thirty-eight years. He begins to work at twenty-two, equals the high-school graduate at forty, and from then on increases to $6,000 a year. Each year in college is worth $18,000 to him.

I asked my Mom how much $18,000 was. She said: "Well, those shoes you scuffed out yesterday cost $3.50, and they were only size two, so try to figure it out for yourself." Before I could find out how many shoes I could scuff with $18,000 she was off again on something else.

THE pamphlet didn't let on what a college education costs, so Mom went digging around, trying to find out. She ran across an old friend whose son had gone through college. Now, this man had never been to college. He had only gone through high school. But the boy's mother was a college graduate, and she made the dying request that the father do his best to give their son a college education.

He promised her he would do it, and he did. His boy finished college a year ago, and since then he has increased his income so that he is now making almost as much as his daddy.

The man told Mom that it cost him from $900 to $1,400 a year—for convenience let's call it $1,000.

The father said it kept him scrimping and saving to see the boy through, but that he was glad he had done his duty. He said it was a grand and glorious feeling, but that if he had it to do over again, he would have started a college fund a few minutes after his son was born. He cited the case of his stenographer, a young woman whom he had just lost by marriage, who had $4,000 with which to start her career as a wife.

Her mother, who had several children, was the one who planted the seeds for this young fortune. As soon as each baby was born, she toddled down to the bank and started an account at a dollar a week. No matter what had to be denied, she made her husband keep up the payments on all of these, and when the children went to work they paid them.

She even made them take out additional loan shares and keep them up, even though they had to forgo many new suits and hats and silk stockings and perfumes and all that sort of thing.

But just think what $4,000 will mean to that bride!

Her thrifty old mother had a saying that ran something like this:

"Small economies make small savings possible. Small savings make large savings possible. And large savings make wealth positive."

It sounded like a wonderful speech to me until my Mom, inspired by it, dragged out a toy savings bank and made me hide away in it the lovely shiny new dime my Uncle John had just given me. She and my Uncle John and Aunt Cass went into session and talked about money and how it grew.

They knew everything about it, they admitted. The only thing they needed was the money. And Mom was all primed on ways and means to get it and save it for me and my education. She said she had noticed that if you wanted anything very much in this world you always managed to get the money.

She studied on three ways of taking care of me when I grow up. One was to invest in a building and loan association; another was to be insured; the third, straight saving.

The building and loan plan works out like this (the expert helps me again):

If Mom took out ten shares for me they would cost her ten dollars a month and at the

end of seven years would grow into $1,000. I would be eight and a half years old then, and as eighteen is the average age of entering college, that thousand could be working for me for almost ten years. Put out at 6 per cent, it would double itself in twelve years, when I would be a little over twenty. So, when I was eighteen it would be quite respectable in size, say about $100 for each year of my age, and $1,800 is nearly $2,000, or half the cost of the college education.

"Why couldn't I take out another ten shares when the first ten mature?" Mom queries. "Then Tonie would have $1,000 when she is fifteen and a half. The first $1,000, they say, is the hardest. I could keep right on with a second, couldn't I? That would make a grand total of $2,000, plus the $800 earned on the first $1,000."

The insurance companies get out an educational fund policy. If my Mom took out one of these for $4,411 when I was three years old, at the end of fifteen years, when I was eighteen, I would be getting an income of $100 a month for four years, or forty-eight months. This would more than cover my college years.

This policy would cost her about $200 a year, or a little more than sixteen dollars a month. If my Mom died, the proceeds of the policy would be held in trust for me until I was eighteen. The policy would be taken out in her name and she would always be in control of it. So, if it turned out that I wasn't inclined to an education, or if something happened that made it best for me not to have the money, I just wouldn't get it.

There are policies made out in the child's name, which some people prefer. These are taken out with the parent as beneficiary, and in case the child dies before the time set for him to go to college, the money is returned to the beneficiary with compound interest added.

In straight savings, a deposit of fifteen dollars a month at 4 per cent would grow to $3,699 in fifteen years. When I was sixteen going on seventeen, look at what a wad of money I'd have to go to college with. Ten dollars a month at 4 per cent for fifteen years would grow to $2,466.01. Even five dollars a month put in the bank at the same per cent would mean $1,232.85 at the end of fifteen years, and that's a lot of money when you haven't got it, I'm told.

"If I adopt the savings-bank plan," says Mom, "Tonie could piece out the rest of what she'd need with money she'd be taught to save from her allowance, etc. It's a good idea for a child to be trained to help herself, even before she gets to the age when she has to. It is good economic training and it gives her an idea that a penny is worth a penny and not a cent more or less and a dollar is worth a hundred of them."

MY Aunt Cass suggested that if Mom went in for the savings-bank plan, instead of buying me presents at Christmas and on birthdays she would donate some money toward the educational fund. She thought other aunts would be glad to do the same.

The money, Mom says, no matter how it was saved, either through building and loan, insurance, or in banks, was always useful and most of the time necessary. And supposing I didn't want to go to college, for some reason or other. Supposing I wanted to be an actress, or a singer, an artist, a dancer, or something like that. I'd have the money to help on whatever it was.

"Many's the girl," says Uncle John, "that's wearing her feet out behind counters and greeting customers with 'What can I do for you, madame?' in a voice every bit as good as Galli-Curci's if only she had the money with which to train it. And many's the boy now driving a truck that would make another Edison if only he could afford to get down off the truck and go to school.

"Money," he says, "while it may be the root of all evil, is the root of a lot of good, and anyhow it is a root worth digging for."

As you can see, they talked it over quite a while. I had to go to bed in the middle of it and it wasn't till the next morning that I heard the rest. They were all at the breakfast table—Uncle John and Aunt Cass and Mom—and Uncle John was hurrying through his breakfast.

"What's the idea of bolting your food like that?" asked his watchful wife.

"I've got to hurry because I want to get examined today," said Uncle John.

"Examined for what?" said Mom.

"Why, for insurance, of course," said Uncle John. "I'm going to take out that educational policy for Tonie. I'll see she is educated."

"Oh," says Mom, "so you're going to do that? Well, then, I'll deposit my first fifteen dollars in the bank this morning. She'll have that savings of $3,699 to use on the side for anything sensible she wants."

"And I," chimed in Aunt Cass, "will take out ten shares in the building and loan association for the same reason."

And that is what all of them did that very day.

So, you see, if I'm able to take the education they're preparing to give me, I ought to make Phi Beta Kappa in college and a lot of money when I get out. And if I don't want to go to college, I can go in for singing or dancing or something like that.

My, but I'll have a lot of money when I am of college age—$2,800 from the building and loan, plus $3,699 from the savings bank, plus $4,800 from the insurance, adds up to $11,299.

The only thing that worries me now is that somebody might marry me just for my money!

THE END

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene upon which you need the advice of an expert? Perhaps your figure is too heavy or too thin. You may want to know how to get that enviable sheen on your hair; how to shampoo it properly. How to clear your complexion of blemishes. How to have lovely teeth, and beautiful but useful hands.

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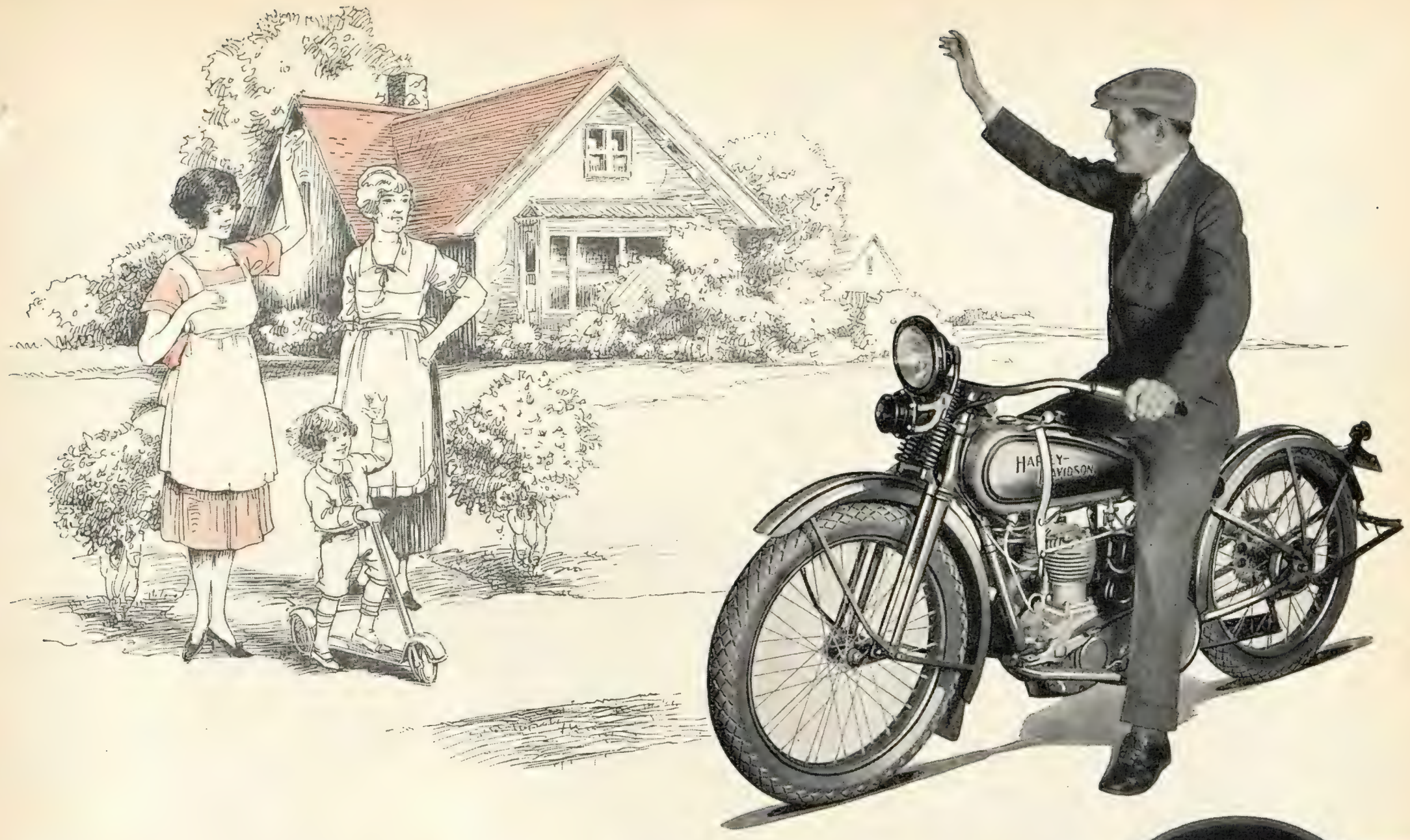

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The Fisk Tire Company, Inc., Chicopee Falls, Mass.

Preparing *the* Emergency Meal *from the* Pantry Shelf

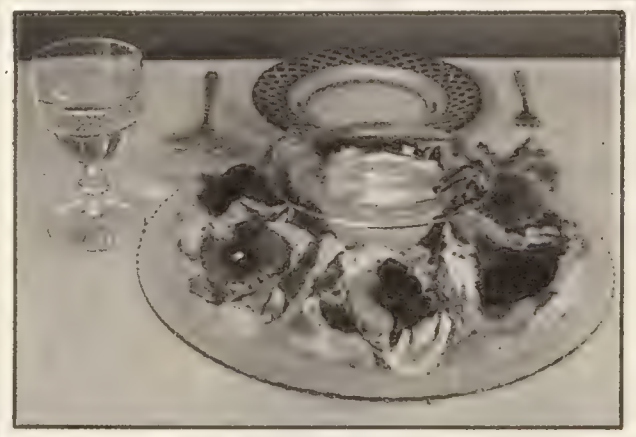
By ETHEL SOMERS

THE systematic hostess can be gracious to even the unexpected guest, for she is prepared. Her summer's canning has stocked her larder; her pantry has an ever-present emergency shelf provided with the makings of a variable yet relishing meal. With calm poise backed up by real, not pretended, courage, she invites her unexpected guests to dine.

Nothing, perhaps, speaks louder praise for a housewife than her reputation for tasty emergency meals. Work now with your summer's canning to banish the Old Mother Hubbard cupboard and plan to delight yourself, family, and friends with such surprise menus from your pantry shelf as are here described and pictured.

These menus and recipes may be quickly prepared for six people from an emergency shelf containing 1½ pints soup, one-half pint canned boned chicken, one pint peas, one pint asparagus, one pint canned fruit-salad mixture, and one quart of canned peaches.

An emergency salad that will tempt the most fastidious palate — canned mixed fruits in cups of crisp green lettuce around a bowl of dressing.



CREAMED chicken on buttered toast triangles makes an attractive dish garnished with asparagus and parsley or mounds of peas.

A DELICIOUS cobbler made of canned peaches and pastry cut in doughnut shapes, attractively served in glass baking dish.

The Variable Emergency Menu from the Canned Goods Pantry Shelf

Vegetable Soup, or
Bouillon, or
Cream Soups in Variety

Creamed Chicken with Peas on Toast, or
Chicken a la King, or
Chicken Croquettes, or
Club Sandwiches, or
Scalloped Chicken, or
Huntsmen Chicken
Buttered Asparagus, or
Buttered Peas, or
Spinach a la Creme, or
Buttered Green Beans, or
Scalloped Corn

Harlequin Vegetable Salad, or
Mixed-Fruit Salad

Fruit Whip, or Fruit Sauce, or Fruit Cobbler

Vegetable Soup is prepared by heating one pint of canned soup stock or chicken broth with one-half pint canned mixed vegetables until piping hot (it is best to permit all canned mixtures to boil well before serving). Serve at once with croutons. *Croutons* are made by placing one-half-inch cubes of bread in a moderate oven for from five to ten minutes, or until browned, or by browning these same cubes more quickly under the broiler flame or in hot fat. Serve while still hot as a garnish for the soup course.

Canned Soup Stock, Chicken

Chicken carcass	1 stalk celery, sliced
3 cups cold water	¼ bayleaf
Cleaned chicken feet	¾ teaspoon salt
2 peppercorns	1/16 teaspoon pepper
1 medium onion, sliced	

PUT all the ingredients in a large kettle with the liquor in which the chicken for canning was parboiled. Bring very slowly to boiling point and simmer from three to four hours. Strain into hot sterile glasses. Partially seal by placing the scalded rubber in position and the lid loosely on top. Place in pressure cooker at fifteen pounds' pressure for twelve minutes, cook to zero, let stand two minutes, open, and seal jars. Cool and store.

Canned Vegetable Mixture. Any vegetable mixture blanched and packed in layers or mixed may be used and canned by the usual method, as described last week.

Fruit Salad

Lettuce
1 pint canned mixed fruits
Salad dressing
Whipped cream, if desired

ARRANGE six cups of lettuce on the base of the salad service plate. In the center of these cups place any pleasing fruit combination. Serve chilled French dressing, mayonnaise, or whipped-cream mayonnaise in the center bowl.

Buttered Asparagus

1 pint asparagus
Pimento shreds to garnish
2 tablespoons melted butter

SPREAD the canned asparagus on a pan in a steamer, dot with the butter, and heat for from ten to fifteen minutes. Arrange in stacks on the platter, moisten with the melted butter, and garnish with the pimento shreds. Serve while hot.

Creamed Chicken with Peas on Toast

½ pint boned chicken	1 tablespoon flour
1 tablespoon butter	1 cup peas
1 medium slice of onion	1 pimento
½ green pepper, sweet variety	1 egg yolk
½ cup water or chicken stock	½ cup cream and ½ cup milk

CHOP the onion and green pepper very fine. Stew until savory. Remove from the fire, stir in the butter, and gradually stir in the water or chicken stock to which the flour has been added mixed with one tablespoon cold water. Stir and cook over a low flame until thickened (from two to three minutes). Add the peas, shredded pimento, shredded chicken, milk, and cream. Cook over water that is hot but not boiling for fifteen minutes. Stir in the beaten egg yolk, continue to heat one minute, and serve hot on tiers of buttered toast triangles in sandwich fashion. Garnish the platter with buttered asparagus and parsley or mounds of peas. Serve hot.

Fruit Cobbler

1 quart canned peaches	½ tablespoon sugar
2 tablespoons butter	2 teaspoons baking powder
2 teaspoons cornstarch	1 egg
1 cup flour	1/6 cup milk or cream
¼ teaspoon salt	

PUT the drained peaches into a buttered casserole. Mix the cornstarch with a tablespoon of the cold fruit juice. Heat the remainder of the fruit juice and slowly stir in the cornstarch mixture. Continue to cook over water for from ten to fifteen minutes. Meanwhile prepare the top or cobbler crust. Mix and sift the dry ingredients. Cut the cold fat into the sifted dry ingredients, using two knives, a fork, or a pastry mixer. Work with a light cutting motion; do not pack the dough. Beat the egg well; add the milk or cream and lightly mix these liquids into the dry ingredients. Pat out to one-half-inch thickness and cut out in doughnut shape. Add the butter to the hot fruit juice, pour it over the fruit, and place the individual crusts on top. Bake in a very hot oven (475° F.) for ten minutes or until the crust is browned. (A hot oven is essential to success.) Soaked crusts are the chief bugaboo of the amateur cobbler maker.

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MORRISON HOTEL

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and TERRACE GARDEN CHICAGO'S WONDER RESTAURANT

CLARK AND MADISON STREETS

"IN THE HEART OF CHICAGO"

Suits *and* Wraps *for* Smart Swimmers

By

Mary Brush Williams

SPECIAL PATTERNS

by May Manton

EVEN with the pressing urgency there now is for knowing all about bathing-suits, one really must first relate the items of the fall fashions as they are disclosing themselves.

There are capes, of course; but then, we saw them coming, and had pictures of them drawn from the French stage long ago. There are hats with little brims hugging the face, although many predicted headwear would go "close" again as soon as the summer styles were attended to. If it has done that, it still has a wider look, surely, than for many seasons past. And crowns are spreading.

A good many of the dresses shown thus far have no belts at all, but are drawn in tightly round the waist to make a blousing effect in the bodice. Others still have no belts, but a long fall from shoulder to hem, and a higher waistline seems somehow to record itself. These make a safe silhouette to buy, for they are easy to alter into an outline that blouses. The many boleros that are showing themselves also mean a feeling for higher waistlines.

A BEACH suit of woolen jersey in two colors. Cream and jade, bound with dark green, were used.

The ripple and the circular effect seem to be giving way to the straight silhouette, which appears to have won the battle. And kasha remains popular in spite of concerted efforts to kill it. From these two items, as well as from many, many others, one might almost gather that women's fashions are going to standardize themselves, as men's have done.

The straight silhouette! How long it ran, when one that flared was not even permissible. And all the while that the circular and the flaring silhouette had the preference, the straight was more than tolerated. Now you might think it was going to reign again.

And now, to get down to the matter of the bathing-suits. They are so much dressier than they used to be! One of them, with a neat little round collar and tie that fasten rather closely round the throat, and a slim, long silhouette with sleeves, seemed to me, in its pretty shade of blue, to be almost wasted on the Atlantic Ocean. If a yard or two of the material had been sewn round the bottom for a skirt, it would have done for a morning dress on Fifth Avenue.

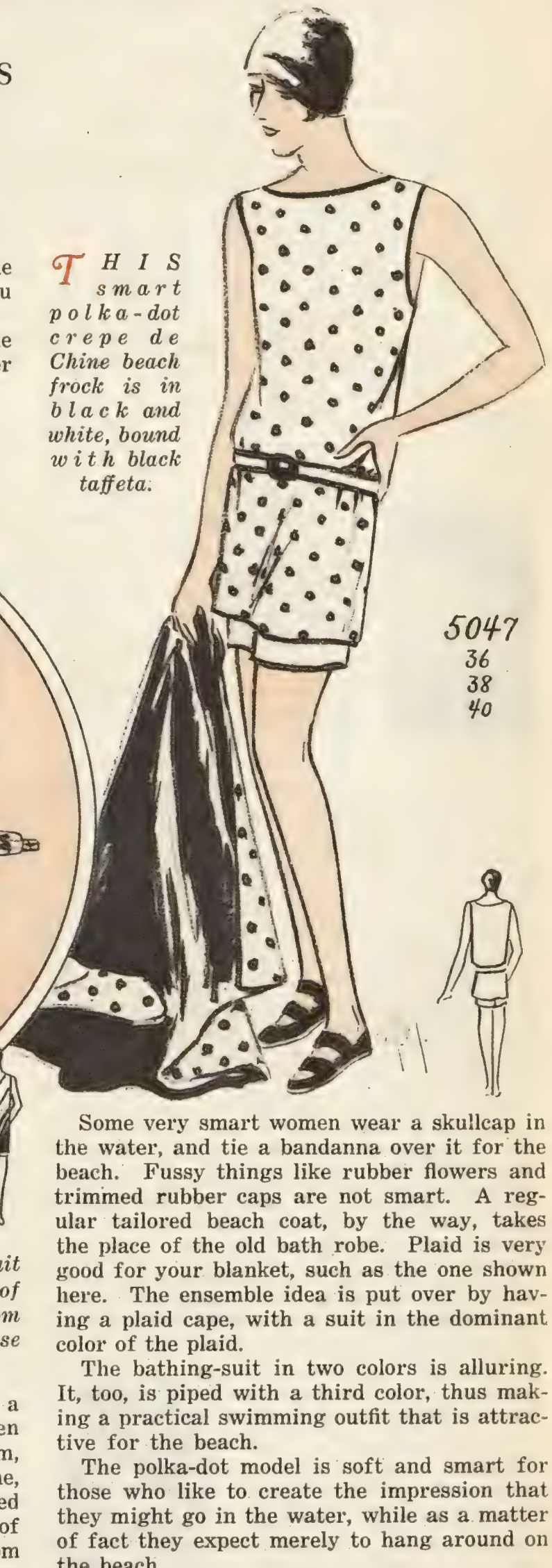
PLAID kasha blanket wrap in light and dark greens; the reverse of light green.

A TAFFETA suit in three tones of one color, the bottom in black. Blue or rose is good.

And that is the keynote of the bathing-suits today.

Paris is showing many of them in two colors, piped with a third. But the prettiest of all is the one shown here, many think, in three shades of blue taffeta—or indeed in three tones of any color—with the bottom in black.

Parasols are much in evidence. Some are of Japanese shellacked paper and others of printed linen. We haven't seen so many for several seasons past.



THIS smart polka-dot crepe de Chine beach frock is in black and white, bound with black taffeta.

Some very smart women wear a skullcap in the water, and tie a bandanna over it for the beach. Fussy things like rubber flowers and trimmed rubber caps are not smart. A regular tailored beach coat, by the way, takes the place of the old bath robe. Plaid is very good for your blanket, such as the one shown here. The ensemble idea is put over by having a plaid cape, with a suit in the dominant color of the plaid.

The bathing-suit in two colors is alluring. It, too, is piped with a third color, thus making a practical swimming outfit that is attractive for the beach.

The polka-dot model is soft and smart for those who like to create the impression that they might go in the water, while as a matter of fact they expect merely to hang around on the beach.

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Screen Honors Shared *by* Man *and* Beast

Reviews of the Latest Movies by ALVA TAYLOR

PARIS

Directed by Edmund Goulding
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

THE CAST:

Jerry.....*Charles Ray*
The Girl.....*Joan Crawford*
The Cat.....*Douglas Gilmore*
Rocco.....*Michael Vasaroff*
Marcelle.....*Rose Dione*
Pianist.....*Jean Galeron*

"SO this is Paris," said Charlie Ray, and plunged into a scenario all about apaches, and Adventure with a capital A, and a beautiful girl of the underworld, and all that. The producers of this picture, and Charlie, and everyone concerned, certainly must know that Charles Ray is an A number 1 drawing card. For the scenario of Mr. Ray's latest movie offering is such a one as sister Susie or cousin Jim might send in and have returned by the next mail.

Joan Crawford

However, that indubitably fine artist, Mr. Charles Ray, has put his charm and talent into this piece of nothing, and made it a picture that you will want to see, simply because he is in it. Therefore, if you don't like Charles Ray—and if you don't then we don't live on the same sphere—you'd better not go to Paris, because outside of the aforementioned star there is the grand total of nothing.

But wait. Stop, look, and listen! I don't mean that. I forgot for one fleeting moment that dark-haired, bewitching-eyed charmer, Joan Crawford, who plays the apache girl. Gee, and likewise gosh, Mr. Ray certainly picked a winner when he selected Miss Crawford as his leading lady!

Well, then, now for the story, or a hint of it. Jerry (Charles Ray) is an American, of course, rich, who comes to Paris for no obvious reason other than to seek Adventure (still with a capital A). He finds it in an apache dive, where he falls in love (at first sight, naturally) with the Girl, whose name is, as I recall—on second thought I don't think she has a name. Anyway, Jerry falls for her good and hard, even though she has her man, which inspires the orchestra or the organist to play Mon Homme (translated My Man) whenever the Cat (Douglas Gilmore) appears upon the screen. And of course the apache girl loves her man something awful, no matter whether he beats her, or tries to kill her, or what, which, I guess, is supposed by those in the know to be typical apache stuff.

Charles Ray

Jerry gets shot up by her man because he dares to admire her, and she takes him to her home to nurse him. And her man goes to prison. When Jerry recovers he offers to keep her in jewels, and a swell apartment, and a maid, and orchids, and anything else that her heart desires, and she need give nothing. Jerry simply hopes that some day she'll forget the apache. But she doesn't.

Charles Ray is good. The picture isn't.

THE DEVIL HORSE

Directed by Fred Jackman
A Pathe Picture

THE CAST:

Rex.....*King of Horses*
Lady.....*A Silver Mare*
The Killer.....*A Black and White*
Dave Garson.....*Yakima Canutt*
Marion Morrow.....*Gladys McConnell*
Prowling Wolf.....*Robert Kortman*

REX, the king of wild horses, and Lady, the silver mare, and the Killer, a black and white, once again prove to the movie public that human beings are only half of the cinema talent, and that the equine half is almost the better half. But, of course, you've got to be a lover of horses, or at least an admirer, to feel this.

Also, you've got to give tremendous amounts of credit to Hal Roach, who recognized the possibilities in Rex, and to Fred Jackman, the director, who brought them out. The result of the joint efforts of horse and man this time is The Devil Horse, an extraordinarily effective movie concerning thundering hoofs, redskins, a pretty maid, a charming young scout, and, last but not least, the United States cavalry, which at the last moment rushes in to save the Western fort.

Rex, King of Horses

At the opening of the picture Rex is a colt, belonging to young Dave Garson (Yakima Canutt), who is traveling with his family into new lands. The Indians get his family. Dave escapes and grows up to be an Indian scout, and the colt grows up to be a king of wild horses, a hater of Indians because they once laid violent hands upon him.

From that time on the Indians feared a mysterious devil horse, who killed with thundering hoofs. For the Indian smell made of Rex a black body of killing hatred, and no Indian that crossed his path ever escaped.

When the Indians captured Dave Garson, the scout, they thought the most horrible death they could offer him was to tie him up and take him to the lair of the devil horse. But when the wild horse came charging to kill, he smelt a friendly smell, and the memory of a boy's caressing hands came to him.

Lady, the beautiful white mare, was the young girl's horse, and throughout the story runs the double romance of horse and man.

Be sure to see this picture.

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

Directed by Renaud Hoffman
A Producers Distributing Corporation Picture

THE CAST:

Fred Williams.....*Charles E. Mack*
Mary Phillips.....*Marguerite de la Motte*
Mr. Phillips.....*Henry B. Walthall*
His Sister.....*Claire MacDowell*
Mrs. Williams.....*Ethel Wales*
Rev. Dr. Mortimer.....*Willis Marks*

OH, girls, when you go to The Unknown Soldier, be sure to take at least half a dozen handkerchiefs, because, unless you're callous, and heartless, and altogether unmoved by celluloid trouble and pathos, you're going to weep many, many eyesful.

This war picture, in spite of the fact that it's trailing along in the wake of a dozen other war pictures, and possibly had The Big Parade as a pattern when some of the war scenes were made, is a picture to be recognized and admired. All of you who are tired of war pictures will excuse this one, I am sure, because it is beautifully conceived in spots, genuinely funny in others, and dramatically interesting throughout.

Marguerite de la Motte

The only pity is that the producers felt they had to give it a happy ending. Everything was leading up to an unusual though unhappy finale, when they must have decided that the movie public would never stand seeing the soldier husband remain missing in action, an "unknown soldier," and so they brought him back in the last few feet of the film.

Mary Phillips (the charming Marguerite de la Motte) was the daughter of one of those superproud Virginia gentlemen, who thought the interest shown by his daughter for a young man working in his factory not a matter to be encouraged, to say the least. And then came the war, and the factory young man went across. Over there he met again the young daughter of his employer, who was in the entertainment division.

They were married somewhere in France the day before Fred was sent into action. After he left, Mary found out that the chaplain who had performed the marriage ceremony was an impostor, and so the baby that was coming would have no father.

Charles E. Mack

Fred, when he gets the letter from Mary that she and the baby are waiting for him at the base hospital, undertakes the dangerous job of getting through to a company that is cut off somewhere between the trenches and the hospital, hoping that he can get through to Mary. But we understand that Fred dies a hero's death.

Mary goes back to Virginia and an unforgiving father. When the cortege of the Unknown Soldier is passing through Mary's town, she goes to the church and begs the minister to marry her to the phantom father of her boy. Just as her father comes to the front, softened, Fred, in the flesh, arrives.

The picture is really beautifully done.

FOR ANY PATTERN ON THIS PAGE SEND TEN CENTS

The Latest Paris Vogue Is for Gay Colors

By PATRICIA

THE smartest Parisiennes are wearing the charming models illustrated above, with many chic new ideas from French designers. Soft silk crepes, sheer lace, and georgette crepe are usually employed. You will find at least one or maybe two designs that will exactly suit the type to which you belong. The instructions furnished with the patterns simplify and make their development a pleasure.

Polka-dotted georgette crepe is shown in design No. 2501. It is a decidedly smart one-piece straight-line dress, with interesting neckline and inverted plaits at each side to provide fullness to hemline. For sports, select linen, flannel, or tub silk. The pattern is furnished in sizes 14 and 16 years, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure. In the 36-inch size it requires 2⅞ yards of 36-inch material, with ⅜ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

A youthful dress of definite sports character, design No. 2730, interpreted in plain silk crepe, cleverly combines silk crepe and awning stripes. The pattern is furnished in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size requires 2¾ yards of 36-inch material, with 3¾ yards of 2¾-inch banding.

Design No. 2665 is a summery frock of sheer crepe and sheer lace. The crepe is light green georgette, with lace dyed to match. The pattern is obtainable in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2 yards of 36-inch lace, with 1½ yards of 36-inch georgette crepe for the 36-inch bust measure.

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NOTE—Patricia patterns are made in New York exclusively for this publication. They are perfect in fit, up to date in style, and the easiest of all patterns to use.

Filmy chiffon in dainty floral pattern is used for design No. 2680. It is stunning made of white georgette with bright red dots, mauve-gray flat silk, or black-and-white figured georgette crepe. The pattern is furnished in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 40-inch material, with ½ yard of 27-inch contrasting.

Tub silk with wide horizontal stripes makes design No. 2466 distinctive for sports wear. The pattern may be had in sizes 14 and 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size requires 2⅞ yards of 40-inch material, with ¾ yard of 40-inch contrasting.

The last model is a youthful two-piece dress with straight unbelted jumper and a skirt laid in inverted plaits in front and plain in back. The skirt is made of white jersey, with the jumper of tub silk in large plaid pattern. Design No. 2683 is also very smart and serviceable made of beige jersey, new violet shade flat crepe, apple green georgette crepe, or navy blue flat crepe. The pattern is furnished in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. For the 36-inch bust measure, 1⅞ yards of 40-inch plain material and 1⅞ yards of 36-inch plaid material are sufficient.

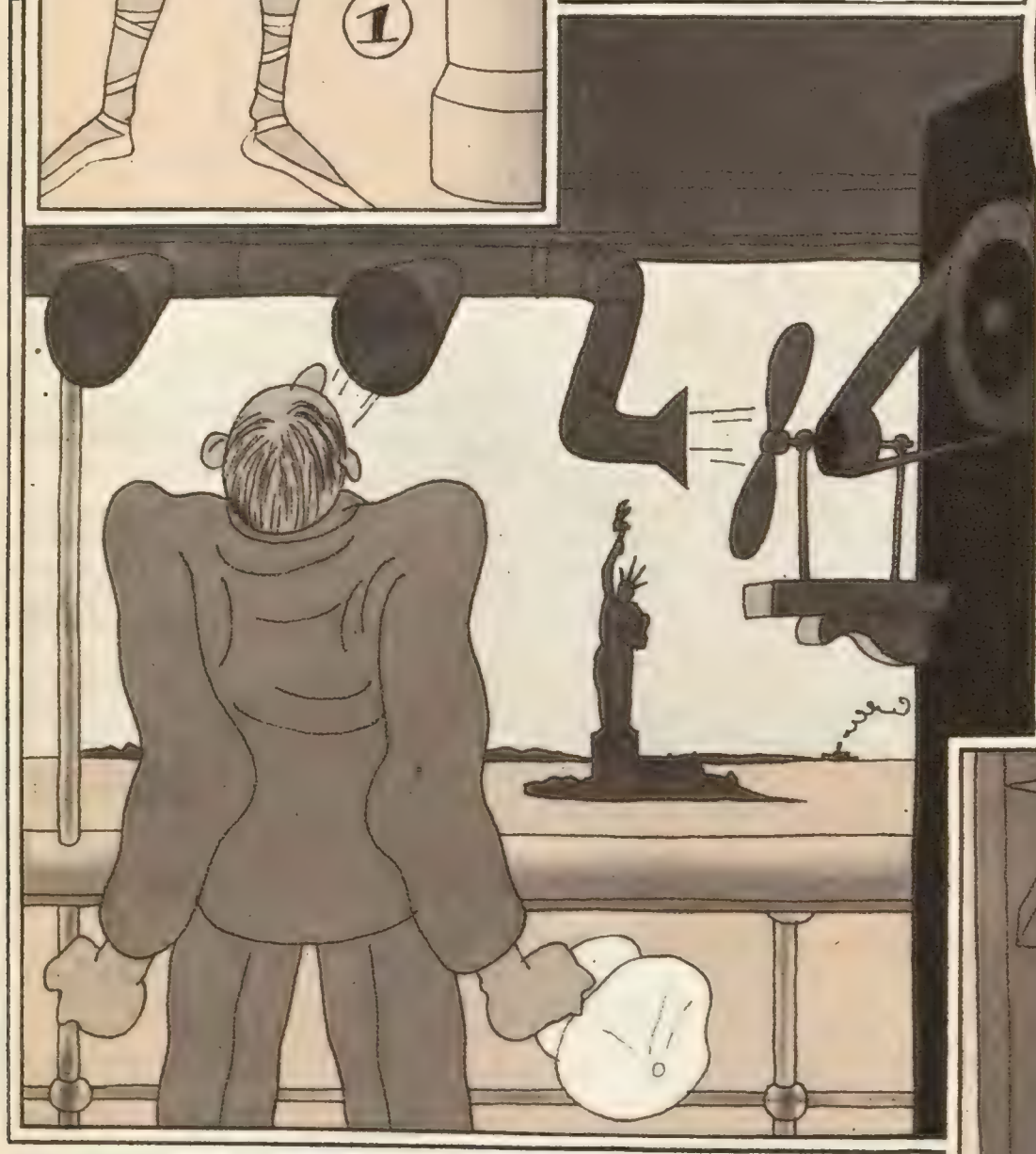
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

FIRST ENTRIES IN THE GRAPHIC SECTION'S GREAT BEAUTY CONTEST. Four dainty misses out to become Movie Stars through Graphic Section's search for THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN THE WORLD. Emile Coué, Rajah Sir Hari Singh ("Mr. A"), Rudolph Valentino, and the Queen of Roumania have consented to act as judges and their decision will be final. This week's beauties: 1. Esther Snord, home girl, Akron, Ohio. 2. Deleet McGoon, aesthetic dancer, Ithaca, New York. 3. Rachel Marz, stockbroker, Bangor, Maine. 4. Mae Rano, chimney sweep, New York City.

REPRESENTATIVE JOHN E. RANKIN of Mississippi demonstrates the best grip on an inkwell to secure speed and accuracy. Representative Rankin is known throughout Washington as the best inkwell hurler on the House Judiciary Committee.



SIMPLE DEVICE USED BY ONE OF THE GREAT OCEAN LINERS to harness the sighs of relief heaved by returning tourists on sighting America. The energy from a single arrival is said to be sufficient to make all the ice cream for an entire crossing.

PERFECTED UNIVERSAL FOCUS CAMERA PROVES BOON TO IZAAK WALTONS. Beach photographer making a photograph to send back home to the folks. The finished product is sharp and clear, with highly satisfactory foreshortening.

For the Love o' Lil

LIBERTY'S Great Cover Serial

$1,000.00 a Week for a Title

WE'RE SORRY, BUT IT COULDN'T BE HELPED!

HAVE you entered LIBERTY'S new Title Contest? The judges are a little late in announcing the first-prize winner, because they have been snowed under with thousands more titles than anyone expected. We're sorry for the delay, but KEEP WATCHING FOR THE JUDGES' FIRST ANNOUNCEMENT! It won't be long, now.

We're paying $1,000 a week, you know, for the best title to the picture on the cover. Maybe the next $1,000 is destined for you. This week's cover shows Lil and Sandy on the beach. Lil is the heroine of our serial story. You'll find an installment printed below. Study the picture and read the story. Then glance over the rules of the contest and think of a title.

Sandy Is a Hero!

(The Story of This Week's Cover Picture)

By LESLIE THRASHER

CHIEF CHARACTERS IN THE SERIAL

LILY MORSE.....*A real blonde of 18*
SANDFORD P. JENKINS.....*In love with Lil*
ROBERT E. LEE MORSE.....*Lil's father*
IDA PULVER MORSE.....*Lil's mother*
DWIGHT MORSE.....*Lil's older brother*
JUNIOR MORSE.....*Lil's younger brother*

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS: Sandy's love for Lil had betrayed him—doubly betrayed him. First, in a moment of desperation after a quarrel with Lil, he had accepted the offer of a well dressed stranger to become a bootlegger and had sealed the pledge with a payment of ten dollars. Then, despite the warning to keep silent under penalty of death, he had written Lil all about it. The letter had fallen into the hands of Lil's mother, who wrote a public protest to the papers against the Dangers to Our Youth. Of course Sandy was doomed! Police Officer Boomer was sure of it, particularly when the handsome gunman failed to show up at the time when the deal was to have been finally closed. As this chapter opens, Mr. Morse, Sandy, Lil, and Junior are at the circus grounds, and Lil has just announced that she has sighted the gunman.

CHAPTER FIVE

"GET a cop!" yelled Mr. Morse. "Where is that crook? I'll catch him myself."

At last even Mr. Morse was really aroused about capturing the dangerous gunman.

It was then only 8 o'clock in the morning. Mr. Morse and Junior and five or six hundred other people were at the circus grounds, for the circus had just arrived and they were putting up the big tents.

"This way!" exclaimed Sandy and Lil wildly. "Follow us!" And they skipped over the bumpy ground, followed by Junior and Mr. Morse, who, as he ran, kept trying to remember a jujitsu trick he once had heard of. But when they came to the popcorn wagon where the gunman was last seen, he had gone.

"Are you sure it was the same one?" Mr. Morse asked.

"I'm *sure!*" said Sandy. "Because he had a stick pin made like a lion's head with a ruby in its mouth."

"Did he see you?"

"No. Because if he had I guess I'd be dead all right. But he saw Lil."

Lil said:

"I was standing at the entrance to the side shows, when I saw a man eating popcorn, and he winked at me. And I said to Sandy, 'That man winked at me.' And Sandy looked, and when he saw who he was, he jerked me out of the way and said: 'Quick! Get out of range! That's the guy that's been after me!'"

"How big was he?" asked Mr. Morse.

"When I first looked at him," said Lil, "I thought he was a little shrimp. But now that I think it over, he was about six feet one, with powerful shoulders and great big cauliflower ears. And he had the most horrible, toughest face you ever saw. I'll bet a million dollars he's a drug fiend, too!"

Well, Mr. Morse telephoned to Officer Boomer, and fifteen minutes later he appeared, bringing Officer Larsen and five other policemen. These combed the crowd for the thug, and searched the surrounding fields and vacant lots, closely watching every exit from the grounds.

Each policeman was followed by an excited crowd of people. As for Sandy and Lil and Mr. Morse, they were the center of a big crowd, and had to tell the whole story from beginning to end a hundred times.

That afternoon at four o'clock, while Sandy was in the offices of the truck agency that employed him, Officer Boomer telephoned that the culprit had escaped his dragnet.

"If I was you, boy," he said, "I'd keep under cover."

And everybody agreed that Sandy ought not, under any circumstances, to go to the circus that night.

"No," said Sandy; "I'm going. As far as that goes, I've got more of a chance in the open than in my own room."

"Besides," Junior Morse horned in just then, "if you don't take Lil to the circus tonight you know Eddie Clark will. Ha! Ha!"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THIS is NEXT WEEK'S Cover Picture. Apparently the tragedy that has been hanging over the lives of Lil and Sandy has passed away. But how could it have happened? Next week's chapter will tell the tale.

RULES

There are no complicated rules and regulations. Just a few simple points.

1 On the front cover of LIBERTY this week is a picture without a title. This picture is a part of LIBERTY'S new cover serial—For the Love o' Lil—telling the picture-story of an American family. The public is invited to suggest a title for this picture.

2 LIBERTY will pay one prize of $1,000 in cash for the best answer submitted.

3 This contest is open to every man, woman, boy, and girl, except employees of LIBERTY and their families.

4 Each entry must contain the following:
a. A title suggestion in ten words or less.
b. A letter of not more than 50 words telling whether or not you like the cover—and why.

5 Contestants may submit as many answers as they wish. The accompanying coupon may be used or separate sheets of paper. If separate sheets are used, the coupon number should be written on each one.

6 All entries for this week's contest must be sent to "Covers," care of LIBERTY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City, and must be in this office by midnight, July 24, 1926. No entries will be returned. The winners will be announced in LIBERTY as soon thereafter as possible.

7 Each entry should be sent by first-class mail, postage prepaid. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department.

8 Originality of thought, cleverness of idea, clearness of expression, neatness and form will count. Entries will be judged first by the title suggestion submitted, and second by the reason for liking or disliking the cover picture.

9 The judges will be a committee appointed by the publishers of LIBERTY and their decision will be final. If two or more contestants submit the same prize-winning title suggestion and reasons for liking or disliking the cover, and if such entries are submitted in an equally clear, concise, and neat form, a duplicate award will be paid to each such tying contestant.

"Covers"—LIBERTY
247 Park Avenue, New York City

No. 5

My title for the LIBERTY cover of July 17 is:

.....

Write title here and send with it a letter of not more than 50 words, telling whether or not you like the cover—and why.

Name .....

Street Address .....

City ..... State .....

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-NINE]

But, thanks to the vigilance of Boomer, Sandy was still alive after the circus. The thing didn't happen until afterward. But wait till you hear.

Sandy had parked his car a good half mile away from the grounds. It was a black, beautiful midsummer night, and as he and Lil were walking along the dark road that passed through a romantic grove of trees, Sandy held Lil's hand very tight. Perhaps he would have even kissed her if there hadn't been so many hot-dog wagons along the way. Anyway, for the first time, Sandy forgot that he was being hounded to the death by a professional murderer.

When they came to the field where his car was, Sandy said to Lil:

"You stick here under this arc light while I back out the old stone-crusher."

While Lil was waiting, two young fellows came along.

"Hello, kid," said one of them. But, as Lil seemed not to hear, the other whistled at her softly, and then, to allure her further, made a kissing sound with his lips. So that, by the time Sandy had the car out, he heard Lil saying to these young gallants:

"Say, you better look out or I'll knock your block off."

At that, something in Sandy Jenkins snapped. He had been voted as having the best disposition in the sophomore class in high school, but he saw red. He jumped out of the car.

One of the men he gave such a push to, he fell down and slid along the ground on his stomach, taking all the buttons off his snappy-looking coat. The other Sandy grabbed by the arm and kicked him twice in the pants as hard as he could.

And then Officer Boomer came running up.

"Have you got him? Have you got him?"

Sandy was just saying, "Aw, this is just a little weasel—" when Lil let out a loud cry and pointed.

"It's the rum murderer! *Look!* His stick pin is a lion's head with a ruby in its mouth."

Sandy Jenkins had caught with his own bare hands the dangerous criminal who had sworn to get his life! The crowd that had gathered broke into cheer after cheer.

Now, to be a hero is fine. But the sad part of it is, it doesn't last.

After a day or so, Sandy began to remember that something was going to happen the coming Saturday afternoon that he dreaded more than a dozen murderers. In a word, Lil and he were going swimming.

"Swimming," as far as Sandy was concerned, was just a manner of speaking.

Sandy Jenkins was one of those people who had a father who taught his children to swim by throwing them, when they were very young, into six feet of water. Consequently Sandy Jenkins at twenty-one couldn't swim a stroke. Not only that, he couldn't even go in wading without thinking of step-offs, bloodsuckers, and cramps.

"Well," said Lil, "it's nothing against you that you can't swim. Lots of wonderful athletes can't swim. I'll bring the water wings I learned on ten years ago."

"I'd rather be seen in a pair of corsets," said Sandy bitterly, "or caught sewing on a doily."

"Well, I'll just bring them," said Lil.

Then, the morning of that Saturday, Sandy had another disappointment. He met Officer Boomer on the street. It was beginning to look, according to Boomer, as if the crook Sandy had captured wasn't a murderer, after all—wasn't even a rum runner.

"Seems to be a bus boy at the Hotel Davenport," said Boomer.

"Hasn't he even an alias?" said Sandy, crestfallen.

"Seems to go by his own name of Schmittbauer — F r a n k Schmittbauer," said Boomer sadly.

Sandy couldn't help but feel disappointed. Then a third blow and a terrible one! He and Lil were no sooner on the beach in their bathing-suits than Lil exclaimed:

"For crying out loud! They got a new life guard this year. Baby! What a chassis! Talk about your sheiks! Gosh!"

And Sandy Jenkins, miserably blowing up the water wings, knew in his heart he would have to do something desperate that day, and do it quick!

(To be continued)

Liberty's Cross-Word Puzzle No. 76

By JAMES W. WHITE

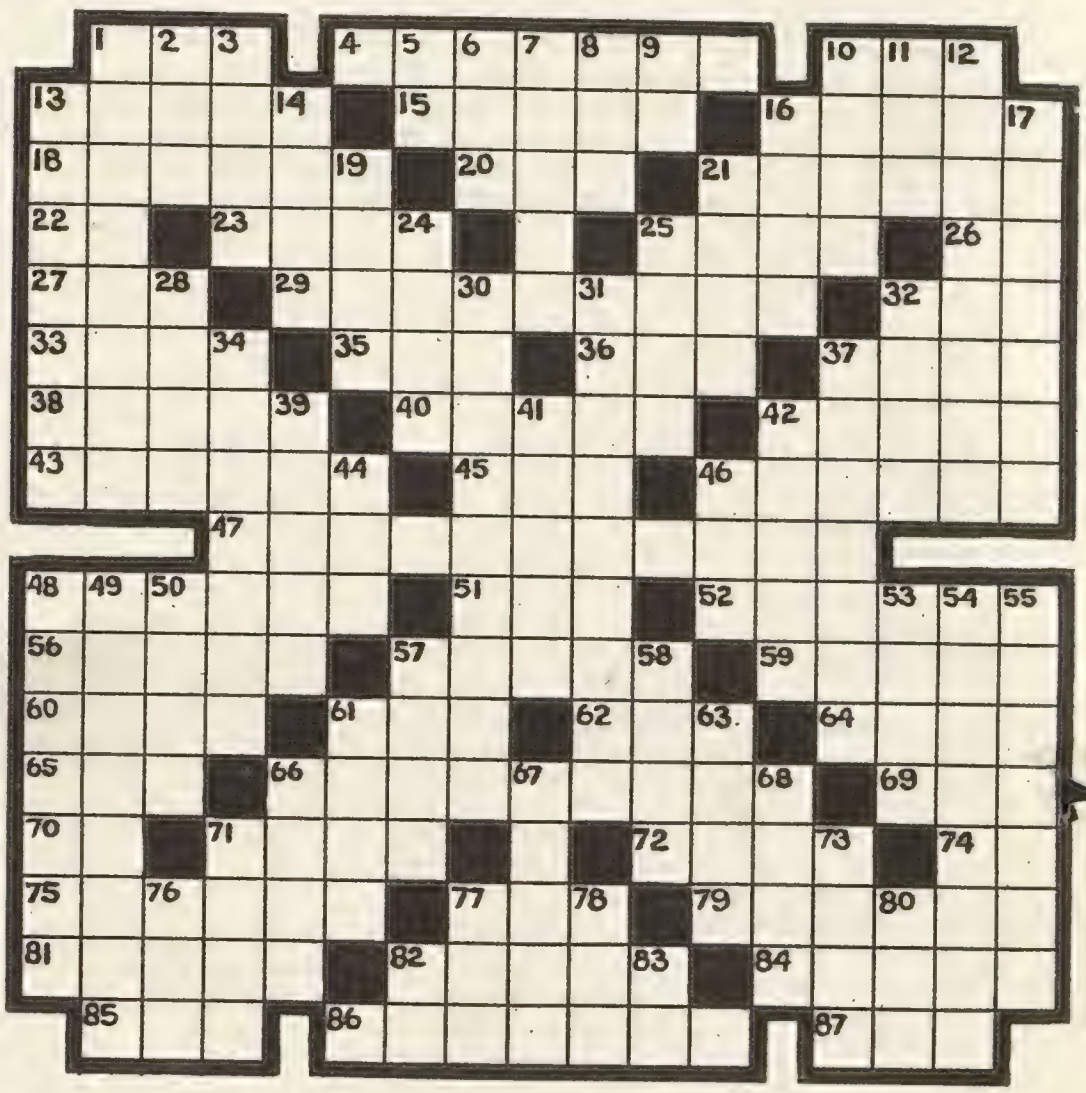
HAVE you ever tried to define the fascination of cross-word puzzles?

First, there's the infinite satisfaction of outwitting the inventor of the puzzle.

Next, we are delighted to find that the old bean has stored away so many words we didn't know we knew.

Thirdly, when we have to look up a word, we experience a feeling of virtue for improving our minds without being forced to do so.

Fourthly and lastly, as the old dominie would say, there's the pleasurable feeling of accomplishment.

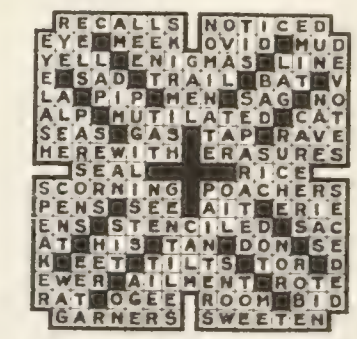


HORIZONTAL

1 Turf
4 Sanctified
10 Contemptuous name for a non-union workman
13 Roman goddess of growing vegetation
15 To subject to discipline or instruction
16 Capers
18 Goes at an easy gait
20 Division of a drama
21 To exile
22 Sixteenth letter of the Greek alphabet
23 To give forth
25 Billows
26 In the direction of
27 Tavern
29 Examined critically
32 High pointed hill
33 Implement
35 Salt
36 To sing without articulation
37 Stiffly decorous or nice
38 A tree
40 Portion of a palm stem used in wickerwork
42 Annoy
43 The holder of a lease
45 And not
46 Wandered
47 Full of meaning
48 Endeavored earnestly
51 A small mound
52 A chief city of Poland
56 To trim, as a tree
57 A Christian priest or monk
59 To snort
60 Immeasurable periods of time
61 A poetic form of always
62 A tree
64 A prong
65 To drag along
66 Devotional
69 One circuit of a running track
70 Symbol for a measure of weight
71 To pursue game
72 Slipped
74 A pronoun
75 Church officers
77 An opening made by breaking or parting
79 Pantry
81 Raises to maturity
82 Metric measure of length
84 Parts of a harness
85 Substance used for imparting color
86 Consisting of writing
87 Moist

VERTICAL

1 American Indian of Muskhogean stock
2 A globe
3 To mark for omission
5 By
6 Masculine proper name
7 Mother of pearl
8 A titmouse
9 Measure of type
10 Tears
11 Commotion
12 A turtle
13 Seat of government of a State
14 Partly
16 That which has ceased to be
17 Raged
19 Iniquities
21 To consider
24 A monarch
25 To overpower with sudden emotion
28 Drowses
30 Pertaining to certain heavenly bodies
31 One who hires the use of a ship
32 A street car
34 Precepts
37 European farm worker
39 Female of the sandpiper
41 Harmonized in color
42 Travels
44 A compass point
46 Fabulous bird
48 Book for instruction in orthography
49 Worried
50 One of the steps of a ladder
53 To wind cylindrically
54 To embellish
55 Those who are tearful
57 Decomposed organic substance used as fuel
58 Sprites (rare)
61 Sea eagles
63 A thin, soft muslin
66 Sound made by certain contented animals (plural)
67 To exist in spirit
68 Perverter of fact
71 At this time or place
73 Dragged
76 Period of time
77 Obtain
78 By
80 To cease to partake of reality
82 Syllable applied to a note of the scale
83 Egyptian deity



Answer to Puzzle No. 75

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Labor Saving

Junior was sent to wash his face. He returned holding up his hands, which were white and clean, saying, "Look, mother."

"Who washed your hands?" asked his mother.

"No one," he replied; "they washed themselves while I was washing my face."

K. E. BURKE.

Courtland, Va.

* * *

The Hint Direct

Little Jean's mother took her out to lunch at the home of a friend. The hostess was a talkative person and forgot to serve Jean.

After a lapse of several minutes the child could endure it no longer; so, raising her plate as high as she could, she demanded in a shrill voice:

"Anybody here want a clean plate?"

MRS. LUCILLE BRENDEMEHL.

Little Suamico, Wis.

* * *

Team Work

Buddy, aged five, was having a great time visiting his uncle on a farm. One day he was busy helping his uncle saw and pile wood and words were not being wasted. Finally, Buddy broke the silence by calling out:

"Say, Uncle Carl, we work good together, don't we? We get a lot done—we don't argue."

MRS. A. CHRISTIANSEN.

Chicago, Ill.

The Machine-Gunning of McSWIGGIN

"IT takes us two weeks to get the guilty man convicted and it takes the Governor two seconds to sign his name on a pardon blank."

Wide World photo

The Governor.

The State's Attorney.

P. & A. photo

Politics and Pardons Keep Gangsters' Guns Barking

An Article by SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

(The "golden days" of open gambling and vice in Chicago's Bad Lands were described last week in LIBERTY. The period between 1896 and 1910 was marked by comparatively mild scandals growing out of police graft and gang levies on gambling houses and disorderly resorts. Efforts of reformers to wipe out the social evil all ended disastrously. Aliens of the most desperate character began to take a hand at this time, but it was not until prohibition opened the immensely profitable field of bootlegging that the crime carnival burst into full flower. The present article deals with the beginning of that new period.)

PART THREE

NO account of the spectacular crime carnival of Chicago and Cook County would be complete or comprehensible without a preliminary analysis of Robert E. Crowe, State's Attorney.

A great many earnest souls in Chicago are persuaded that Crowe in some manner is linked up with crime and criminals.

Others respond that this is not true, but that he simply plays politics as his adversaries do. So, a brief synopsis of his history may be in point.

Born in Peoria in 1879, he went to Yale, and in due time returned to Chicago to practice law. Politics soon beckoned, and he has lost only one election of the six he has participated in as a candidate. He is married to the daughter of a wealthy Italian merchant named Cuneo, and they have several children.

Crowe is a small man of medium weight. His tight lips curve down, while his small eyes glance searchingly out from behind thick lenses. He is astute—indeed, extraordinary—in his appraisals of men and issues.

When he succeeded Maclay Hoyne, Crowe reorganized the prosecutor's office and reinterpreted its functions. "You bring 'em in and I'll prosecute them," was his suggestion to both the police and the public.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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City.....State.....

[THE MACHINE-GUNNING OF McSWIGGIN Continued from Page Seventy-one]

The new official promptly stopped third-degree methods. He installed a complaint desk, so that for the first time citizens could tell their troubles to somebody besides an office boy. He increased his staff to seventy assistant State's attorneys and his police force to about fifty men.

He infuriated many citizens and politicians by dismissing hundreds of ancient indictments, spectacular but worthless, before a petit jury. For instance, his enemies shrieked when he declined to prosecute some forty true bills returned against Mayor Thompson's school board.

Crowe points to the great auto-theft ring he broke up, and to his activity in the building trades war. Frenchy Mader, a union labor crook, had been blackmailing owners and construction firms, charging them 10 per cent of the building price to allow the men to work. Charlie Gorman, a Democratic hangover from the Hoyne regime, whom Crowe kept because of his excellent record, got busy and forty-nine men were convicted in spite of jury bribing, intimidation, and bombing of witnesses.

And yet Governor Small issued a blanket pardon for the forty-nine before they even started for Joliet Prison!

THE new State's Attorney addressed numerous meetings of business organizations, and exercised such pressure that twenty judges were given him besides his regular quota of six. He received $100,000 to retain special assistants, and as a result of his statements 1,000 police were added to the city's force.

Crowe blames prohibition for most of the country's crime. He says 80 per cent of the people in Cook County and most of the judges and all of the jurors are wet.

The speedy automobile, the shotgun, the machine gun, the tremendous profits, and the imported gunmen are causes for liquor criminality, he says. And he solemnly adds that "the good Lord Himself can't stop that sort of crime *before* it happens—or have much luck punishing it afterward before a Cook County jury."

"Give me plenty of judges so I can try the killer while the blood of his victim is warm," says the State's Attorney. "Nobody gets excited today about the murder of Julius Caesar; but if a prosecutor could have got hold of Brutus while he was on page one of the Roman newspapers he would have got a hanging verdict.

"Probably the worst handicap this office confronts is Len Small's parole and pardon system. He lets them out as fast as we put them in. It takes us two weeks to get the guilty man convicted and it takes the Governor two seconds to sign his name on a pardon blank. In 1923, for example, I put 59 burglars and 97 robbers in Joliet—and Small released 88 burglars and 97 robbers!

"A specimen of the idiocy to which the dry law reduces otherwise sane men is shown in the recent wordy war between Mayor

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

IN NEXT WEEK'S

Liberty

Outguessing Death

by

WALTER HINTON

Lieut. Hinton piloted the NC-4, the first plane to fly across the Atlantic. As chief aviator for the famous Rice Expedition, he flew over the vast unexplored forests of Brazil. Countless other adventures are to his credit. He tells about the most thrilling moments in the lives of flyers.

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE SEVENTY-TWO]

Dever and United States District Attorney Olson in Washington.

"Dever says the town is dry because he dried it up—and because he threatened to report Olson to President Coolidge, which made Olson get busy. Olson testified that in spite of all his efforts, which eventually dried the town, it again became wet because the Mayor's police are corrupt. In other words, each of these officials says the town is dry because he dried it and wet because the other fellow hasn't dried it. That is, it is both wet and dry!

"I'll tell you something: The town is wet and the county is wet, and nobody can dry them up. They holler about Sheriff Hoffman permitting the county to run wide open. Well, it is wide open. But for every dive in the county there are two in the city, and everybody in Chicago knows it except Dever.

"Why don't I get busy and stop it? For the simple reason that I am running a law office, not a police station. If Chicago wants things cleaned up let somebody bring the law violators in here and I'll send them to the penitentiary. But I will not be both arresting officer and prosecutor."

Flower shop in which O'Bannion was partner.

P. & A. photo

Dion O'Bannion.

Crowe's enemies say Crowe is in crime because crime exists and it is his duty to stop it. They say that the following figures, advanced by the State's Attorney, are proved untrue by the facts. Crowe says he has thus checked burglaries:

1921	1922	1923	1924	1925
4774	4301	3019	2155	1147

—and that robberies, during the same years, have thus diminished:

2558	2007	1402	1799	1702

Crowe's critics say that the system of making public such statistics has been changed by this cunning politician, so that only those cases which are followed by arrest or indictment are given out, whereas the police station tickers will show thousands of law violations which are never published because Crowe and the police are working together and offer as their excuse for such distortion and suppression "that they are hunting for the suspect and it would not be safe to let him know it."

And Crowe's opponents point significantly to the election figures every time he is interested, as proof that the underworld is paying generously for the immunity such opponents insist Crowe is able to afford. They cite the April (last) primary, where Cicero, shameless wanton of the suburbs, went overwhelmingly against Deneen.

Another actor on the Cook County stage at the time, four years ago, that liquor became the great propagator of crime, was Peter M. Hoffman. He was elected sheriff in 1922, his term expiring this year. He has already expired politically, fighting desperately against a federal court sentence of sixty days in jail for allowing Terry Druggan and Frankie Lake, millionaire beer runners, to stroll in and out of the county jail while they were supposed to be serving a year's term.

Under Hoffman the county outside Chicago flew wide open, most of the hooligan chieftains selecting such towns as they wished to rule and either intimidating or murdering anybody who encroached. Vice was wanton and almost entirely unmolested from the day Hoffman pinned the sheriff's star on his vest until April 27, 1926, the night they slew William H. McSwiggin with a machine gun.

Thus, a resume reveals, at the beginning of 1922, the following political and criminal lineup:

A governor to whom gangdom could go for parole or pardon.

A master mind, Fred Lundin, piloting an acquiescent Republican mayor, Big Bill Thompson, and presently a Democratic mayor, William E. Dever, a privately honest but badly hoodwinked executive.

A sheriff who tolerated a saturnalia of vice and crime in his realm.

A State's attorney, liberal and personally scrupulous, who plays politics inside and out of the rule book as he journeys toward the Governor's mansion in Springfield.

A citizenship eager to buy booze and beer from anybody who can fetch it in.

A new breed of gangsters who ruled by gun and bomb, since obviously they could not rule by injunction or other legal means.

A slacker class among the citizens who made mentally and morally desirable jurors.

A vast influx of foreigners from southern and eastern Europe who have no conception of or respect for the Anglo-Saxon legal code or tradition.

Is it any wonder, then, that out upon this stage there strode the fearsome figure of the booze gangster with a smoking shotgun in his hands?

WHEN the Volstead act pointed the golden way to new sources of opulence for Chicago's gangdom, Big Jim Colosimo controlled the South Side with his two imported New York gunmen, Johnny Torrio and Scarface Al Capone. Tony D'Andrea, head of the sinister Unione Siciliana, ruled the near West Side. Spike O'Donnell and his brothers, Tom and Walter, ran things Back o' the Yards and in the Bad Lands of the far southwest sector. Another group of O'Donnells, Klondike, Miles, and Barney, had the far West Side in their talons. The northwest part of the city was at bay before the jungle savagery of the Murrays, Leo and Pat, the Soltis outfit, Joe

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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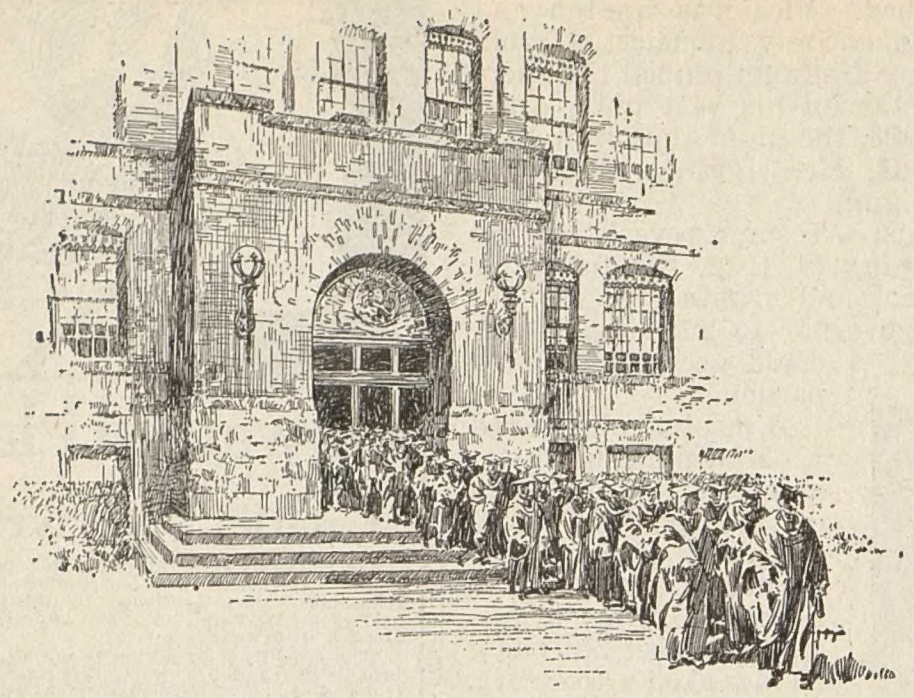

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[THE MACHINE-GUNNING OF McSWIGGIN Continued from Page Seventy-three]

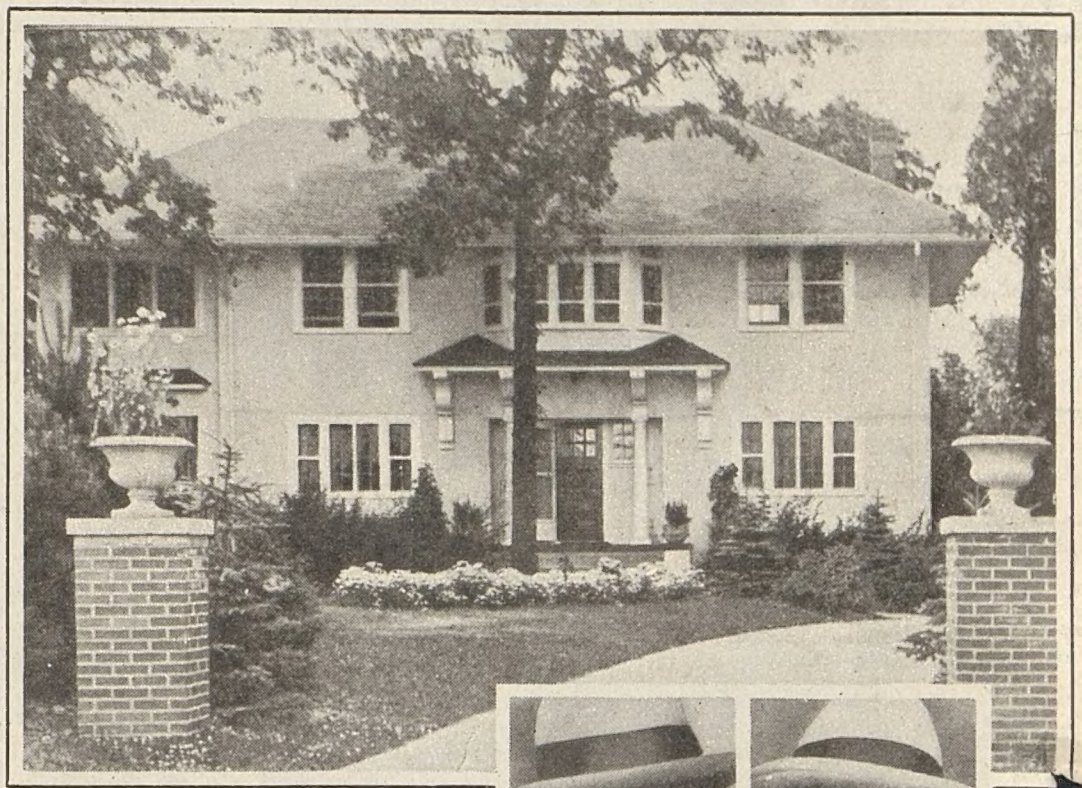
and Steve, and the McErlanes, Frank and Vincent.

In complete sovereignty along the rich reaches of the near North Side was the most desperate criminal of them all, Dion O'Bannion. A cherub-faced, stocky Iowa boy, Dion had worked for a morning newspaper as a circulation wagon driver. After delivering his papers before dawn of May 31, 1921, he and three friends were caught robbing a safe they had blown up in the Postal Telegraph Building.

They were splitting $35,000 when surprised and arrested.

to pay the Costello distillers of New York City $27,000 for a carload of whisky "Mike de Pike" Heitler and O'Bannion stole from the Miller mob in the freight yards, Dion was shocked by such unethical conduct. He told Costello's agent that he would collect it. The Millers refused to pay the thief who had stolen their booze, so O'Bannion walked up to two of them, Davey and Maxey, as they came out of the La Salle Theater in evening clothes, and calmly shot Davey down.

O'BANNION made new enemies as quickly as new gangsters got into the liquor game. He would



Terry Druggan's home at Lake Zurich, Illinois.

Frankie Lake.

Terry Druggan.

The four prisoners became shuttles in the game of politics, four indictments against O'Bannion, for example, being stricken off with leave to reinstate by State's Attorney Crowe's office.

Peter Hoffman, Sheriff of Cook County

In the first opportunity that presented itself, O'Bannion turned upside down the 42nd ward he had honored by his residence and his florist shop at 738 North State Street. Theretofore staunchly Democratic, the ward went heavily Republican for Crowe.

O'Bannion's career is typical of the first phase of the booze racket. He had no money to buy liquor, so he assembled a mob and started out to "hi-jack" it. That phrase is said to have originated in the ominous hail which often greeted a beer or whisky truck driver—"Hi, Jack, pull over to the curb before you get knocked off!"

Then O'Bannion would drive the truck somewhere else, and force saloon-keepers to buy it. If they didn't buy it they were shot.

O'Bannion was a wild man. When the Miller brothers, Hirshie, Davey, Maxey, and Harry, refused

climb into his big motor car with Big George Moran, Vincent (Schemer) Drucci, Hymie Weiss, Maxie Eisen, and Earl Weiss, and go cruising all over the city hunting "dagoes" and "shanty Irish" foes to murder or to run out of town.

A whim that helped make O'Bannion a millionaire was to go into clandestine alcohol-making plants, into distilleries, and into breweries, and announce that he was now a partner and wanted a cut on every gallon disposed of. The owners could not swear out writs or even complain to the police. They could merely close down or pay one of Dion's thirty or forty hoodlums whatever they demanded.

O'Bannion was the most bloodthirsty and spectacular buccaneer that ever ravaged the city. It was only a question of time, of course, until they got him.

Next week Mr. Sutherland will take readers of LIBERTY behind the scenes and show the animus that brought on some of the spectacular murders by Chicago's crime ring.

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Flit clears the house in a few minutes of disease-bearing flies, mosquitoes, bed bugs, roaches and ants. It searches out the cracks and crevices where insects hide and breed, destroying their eggs and larvae. Flit kills moths and their tiny worms which eat holes. Extensive tests showed that Flit spray did not stain the most delicate fabrics.

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WORRY makes the years creep on you faster. Every mother knows that she is happier—more buoyant—youthful—when her youngsters are bubbling with ruddy health...Think what it would mean not to worry about colds—mild epidemics—dangers of infection from little cuts and scratches!

Lifebuoy *antiseptic* cleanness does relieve you of that constant underlying fear. With millions of mothers, you too can know that your children are *safely* clean. Your doctor will tell you that there is no better every-day protection.

Start using Lifebuoy today. Put it into *every* soap rack. Not only for your children's sake, but your own as well.

Lifebuoy *is* different from other soaps. You come from a Lifebuoy bath exhilarated—tingling with a sense of vigor—skin soft, satiny, glowing with splendid health.

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Women have discovered in Lifebuoy a means of preventing any suggestion of embarrassing body odor. Such odor results from the constant accumulation in pores of fatty waste and the acids of perspiration. Under-arm applications do not remove all the cause—Lifebuoy does. Baths help but their effect is soon lost unless Lifebuoy is used.

Because of its wonderful antiseptic, Lifebuoy lather penetrates deeply into pores, emulsifying and rinsing out all of this waste. After a stimulating Lifebuoy bath, your body keeps delightfully fresh and sweet all day, no matter how hot it is.

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The Health Doctor

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HEALTH SOAP

LIFEBUOY is a health soap because it gives antiseptic cleanness. The clean, antiseptic odor rinses away completely—never clings. Lifebuoy is orange red, the color of its pure palm fruit oil.

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